

OVER HERE

JANUARY

1957

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The New
All-American
Magazine . .



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are recruited from those who have read and absorbed all the popular books of Soulcraft but for teaching purposes have wished to go along into the deeper discarnate phases of life and know readily exactly what happens during and after physical death, what the conditions may be which all humanity encounters, and particularly what happens in the average materializing session when audible communication is established with those not yet quitted their physical bodies.

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SOULCRAFT FELLOWSHIP, Inc.
Noblesville, Indiana



The Year Arrives to Look Upon America in Radiant Light . .

IT was in 1917, following America's entry into World War I that our pulses pounded to the military cadence of George M. Cohan's "Over There." That was precisely forty years by-gone. Oddly enough alien interests played so dominant a role in our postwar conduct that whenever we sought for thrill we looked across some sea. Always it was Over **There**, beyond some skyline, somewhere distant and different and apart. But now the pendulum of patriotic interest swings dramatically in reverse. The overwhelming theme of the current generation is

"Over Here"

The American Way of life becomes the high necromantic way. The American dollar continues the soundest. The American skyscraper towers the loftiest. The American airplane thunders the speediest. The American project, whatever its nature, assumes minarets and grandeurs at which the earth cowers. We live in the strongest and yet the most magnanimous nation on our planet and it is our heritage to realize its import.

What title for a publication whose mission is to make Americans appreciative of such legacy than **Over Here**? What loftier spiritual brevet than arousing Americans to a cannier sense of their own global transcendence and the destiny to hand for them?

Thus do we start ponderous presses to a splendid accomplishment . . .

THE PUBLISHERS



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SOULCRAFT FELLOWSHIP, Inc.
P. O. Box 192 Noblesville, Ind.

EDITORIAL

TIMES change but not human nature. Manners alter but national temperament follows a pattern dictated by historical character.

All too obviously the period has been reached for a complete renaissance of distinctive Americanism. This is merely cleverly interpreting trends.

Patriotism fell ill on this side of the Atlantic during the post-war administration of Warren G. Harding. Wholesale departures from civic rectitude resulted in an era of sensationalism that was quickly capitalized on by alien socialistic elements. It became not only popular but profitable to “expose” this or that lechery. Organizations of utmost integrity took shape to insure the longevity of honored institutions in the face of the rascality that was being uncovered. These were called Seditious.

When Roosevelt and the New Deal succeeded to power, all of it was capitalized upon in the national political manner. The More Abundant Life became but a cover-up for tendencies of improvidence, shiftlessness, and general moral lassitude on the part of failures and misfits who argued that it was the obligation of Government to sustain them.

For a quarter-century this dissolution of the American moral fibre went on apace. Suddenly those of psychical perspicacities discerned that the rank-and-file of simon-pure Americans were becoming fed up on the whole of it. Certainly there were still abuses in executive and legislative procedures but assailment in the vigilante manner went out with Hitlerism. What the American public suddenly hungered for was the stabilizing influence of Constructiveness underlying the whole of it.

This wasn't American nature speaking so much as human nature.

The fundamental character instilled by the American Way of Life was ready to draw the line between what was truly remedial and what was racketeering.

IT TOOK the engineered collapse of three great national magazines to bring home to the thoughtful how far afield Vigilantism had proceeded. These publications had been allowed to die without a murmur because they had missed the basic temper of the public. They themselves had fallen behind the times.

The alien plotters had carried the thing too far.

EDITORIAL

AMERICA has grown Big since World War I but it has not grown reckless.

The American Way of Life is not a freakish individualism conceived as a method of robbing the rich that the improvident may be succored. The American Way of Life is a sterling demonstration that as a man—or a Republic—sows, so also is the reaping. The citizen who plans and prepares and perspires and labors, has rewards accruing to him that politicians cannot despoil. When a woman is a faithful wife to one husband, the one mother of wholesome children, the assiduous counsel to a circle of growing teenagers, she cannot be denied her cosmic rewards no matter what the policies of the current kommissar in any Kremlin. This is neither civics nor even ethics. It is the Law of Compensation that operates from Greenland's Icy Mountain to India's Coral Strand.

But each new generation wishes to be assured of such things that its mortal pathway may be illuminated.

This new publication, *OVER HERE*, affects to broadcast such assurance. It merely measures up and keeps pace with Human Nature as God composed it.

What are the fine, constructive, eternal values in mortality that repay the soul for seeking them? Whoever imagines that these become antiquated doesn't understand the nature of the species with earth herein afflicted.

The whole world, in other words, needs to become More American. It needs to abandon the insane illusion that Progress means opportunity to disdain and ignore Discipline, to seize whatever pelf may be grasped, to assure liberty in greater gesture by starting to deny it individually at the grassroots.

OVER HERE is established to emphasize these Principles.

Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are righteous, think on these things. There is a point reached where leadership is paramount not for its execrations but for its illuminations.

Observe what a year of publishings along such line may do in a land where the well-springs of rectitude have been purposely filled that unrighteousness may conquer.

Bet your money on the God-Stuff that is the average citizen, expressed in his ideals and his hearthopes, and your pay-offs jam the calculators.

OVER HERE aims at carrying on the traditions of the American periodical press of a generation bygone. The main theme behind its editorial policy is producing a publication that answers the quandary in a reader's mind as he surveys a modern newsstand of magazines, "What can I buy from this assortment that gives me a positive and assured pick-up to help me carry the burdens of today's living?" Learn to reach for the current number of *OVER HERE*.



OVER HERE

Volume I

January, 1957

Number 1

CONTENTS

Aunt Julia, Story of a Thoroughbred	Page 5
What Had They Done to Deserve It?	9
The Average Person Does the Best He Can	11
Never Discount a Person Because He Is Old	13
Why Women Decide Romance Is Dead	15
To What Does a Woman Look Forward in Marriage?	17
Every Man Has a Collar-Button Pressing His Neck	19
Never Shoot a Banker, a Joe Buss Story	21
The Biggest Victory America Has to Face	24
The Finest Thing I Ever Saw a Human Being Do	26
What Most Encourages a Woman to Do Her Best?	30
Getting It Off the Chest	32
Was I Embarrassed?	34
My Strangest Escapade	36
Americans to Remember	48

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Soulcraft Fellowship, Inc. Noblesville, Indiana

Always to Endure

A MOTHER puts the acme of her womanhood into the heroism of birthing a new human being. Nine out of ten mothers do it upon the foregone assumption that this country of freedom and equal opportunity is forever to endure.

True Patriotism in the American sense is keeping pact with those mothers. They, no less than their infants, command it.

Those who sense the keynote of the times are persuaded that the moment is soon striking for a vast resurgence of historical Americanism, when the day of the alien marplot is brought to close, when the hard Rightist core of souls outstanding for moral integrity shall come back into dominance, when the real American shall sing with understanding, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the Coming of the Lord!"

New Americans passing through the portals of human birth have their claims on such legacy.

This periodical begins publishing as a tocsin of the whole of it. Its unalterable conviction is that the sterling staminas of the Forefathers are born afresh in each succeeding generation, and that all Future America is epitomized by the exquisite child in the new mother's arms.



OVER HERE! . .

"The Decency and Grandeur of an America that Is Coming Back!"

Volume I Number 1

JANUARY 1, 1957

Aunt Julia

The Epitaph of a New England Thoroughbred

Another Chronicle of Paris, Vermont

EVEN back in 1892, when Sam Hod and I first came to this little Vermont community and made over two struggling weeklies into our present daily, Aunt Julia Farrington was old. We had been running our paper but a week when she entered our office for the first time. She was a tall, straight, fine old lady with snow-white hair. About her always was an atmosphere of delightful poise, of culture, of motherliness, of high-bred refinement. She impressed us as the character that every man feels his mother would have been if spared to old age. She was after the manner of elderly woman that even we middle-aged folks could go to with our troubles, our doubts, our perplexities, and find a strong, sure soul ready to listen. She would listen gravely, judicially, sympathetically, and have remedial advice when we were done.

"I am very glad," she said in rich, kindly tones, "that you two young men have displayed the enterprise to combine our two weeklies into a daily. Paris will support your venture, I am certain. Speaking for myself, I want to do my part; here is my check for fifteen dollars. It will pay my subscription for ten years and help you that much financially in your initial struggle."



We youngsters were both surprised and delighted, naturally. I believe we expressed ourselves profusely to that effect.

"I am not doing this from any other motive than a sincere desire to assist you," she continued in her careful and old-fashioned book-English. "Yet I have an item here which it would gratify me very much if you would publish."

We assured Aunt Julia that all articles of a legitimate news nature were welcome. So from her Boston bag she took a sheet of note paper.

"My daughter Elizabeth out in Kansas City lost her husband, Tuesday," she declared. "But many people around here

will remember the Fleming family before they went West and be interested to know the details of Will Fleming's death. I have written his obituary."

We were properly sympathetic, and assured her we would publish the item in a good position.

"Will your daughter return to Paris now that she is a widow?" asked Sam.

"I don't think so," Aunt Julia replied. "You see, they've got a boy, and Will's people think a heap of that youngster. They'll probably want Elizabeth and the child to stay out there with them."

With the knowledge that the time of other people was of value, the old lady arose. With a soft good afternoon she left us, closing the door very carefully behind her.

"Can you beat that?" exclaimed Sam. "Fifteen dollars, a concise and clean-cut item, does her business without an extra word and gets out. A remarkable old lady!"

SEATED before our exchange table was our local liveryman, Uncle Joseph Fodder. He was our town encyclopedia, our authority on all matters having to do with our community's "kin-ology," a gruff, kindly, Civil War veteran with a wooden leg.

"You said something, young man," he confirmed. "That's Jonathan Farrington's

widow. God never made a finer woman."

We pressed Uncle Joe for information about the old lady. We wanted to know all available details about the townfolk among whom we had cast our fortunes. So Uncle Joe went on:

"Her whole family's summed up in her. She's had two sons and three daughters. Her two boys marched off to the war o' '61 with their dad. He was killed at Gettysburg. Jack and Fred both died o' fever in Southern prisons. That left her without men-folks. But it warn't in her to knuckle under. During the war she kept John's business runnin' herself, so's he'd have it when he come back. When she knew he wasn't comin' back, she sold out. She's been livin' ever since on the proceeds—and what investments she's made—and the help her girls give her before she lost them, too. All she's got left now is one daughter and her grandson, a boy she's never seen. They live out West."

Uncle Joe ruminated sadly for a minute. Then he went on:

"She lives down in that old brick house at the corner o' Walnut and Pine streets, the house that looks like a picture out o' yesterday with its iron fences and old-fashioned posy beds and the terracotta statue in the yard. Lives there all alone exceptin' for Bob Leonard, who cares for the place. Does her own work and sort o' mothers the whole darn town, without the whole darn town knowin' it. Year after year she lives there with her garden, her old horsehair furniture and her old daguerreotypes. That big house, all full o' strange footsteps, familiar whispers, and little ghosts; it's all a mystery to me she's so pleasant and mellow and beautiful as she is. I tell you, boys, a life like she's lived and is livin' in these sunset years o' her'n, is a benediction to the race."

Uncle Joe returned, with traces of tears in his eyes, to his account of the Grand Army gathering printed in the county-seat paper.

As I have had occasion to remark very many times before, time goes quickly in the publication of a country daily newspaper. Week after week we meet the pay roll. Year after year the midsummer clearance sales of our merchants follow the Easter advertising. It is only a little time before we are worrying over our lack

of equipment or help to handle the Christmas business. Some day a little girl in pinafores and pigtails is sent in with an ad for the candy store. That little girl only yesterday was represented by a birth notice in our paper. It comes to us with a jolt that eight to ten years have slipped away. Then a new President is elected. We write editorially, comparing his policies with those who have represented his party before him. We speak of Hanna and McKinley from a personal knowledge, having criticized them at the time. The proofreader jolts us again with the observation that McKinley was first elected over twenty years ago. Twenty years! To think of it!



YEAR after year passed and we came to know indeed what an institution Aunt Julia Farrington was in our community. But the years did not seem to touch her. Her beautiful hair could grow no whiter. Although her face gradually became traced with more and more wrinkles, her knuckles grew bonier and more prominent, and her eyes lost some of their lustre, her mind remained as clear and active as that of a middle-aged woman, and her ministrations to the community continued unceasingly. Whenever Doctor Johnson needed a woman to assist in the care of some poor soul who couldn't afford a trained nurse from Burlington, he sent for Aunt Julia. She had been present at the advent of more fiery-fleshed, lusty-throated little shavers into this addled old world, and helped lay out more tired souls who had closed their eyes in the peace which passeth understanding, than any other woman in Paris. Women

who couldn't get along with their husbands threw shawls about their shoulders in the height of the domestic altercation and fled to tell Aunt Julia all about it. Lovers who had quarreled told Aunt Julia they were sorry before they told each other.

THEN, one morning in 1911 there walked into our office a young man who caused our bookkeeper, June Farley, to grab for her clandestine mirror and powder-dab.

It goes without saying that he was a good-looking young chap. He was more than that: in the breadth of his shoulders, the set of his fine head, the strength of his face and jaw, especially in the clear, direct gaze of his coal-black eyes, there was a personality such as our town does not hold long in a young man because smart young men of his type seek larger and more promising opportunities elsewhere. As June said afterward, many times afterward, the "brains stuck out all over him."

"My name is Fleming," he introduced himself to Sam, "John F. Fleming. You are acquainted with my grandmother, I believe. She is Mrs. Julia Farrington."

"You're the son of her daughter Elizabeth!" declared Sam.

"I was," he replied with soft and very agreeable good breeding. "My mother is dead."

"What!" we exclaimed. "Has Aunt Julia lost her last daughter?"

The young man toyed with the edge of last year's bound file of *Telegraphs*. It plainly pained him to discuss the subject.

"Yes," he replied. "My mother passed away last Tuesday in Kansas City. That is why I am here. The funeral was held there, but burial is to be beside my father in the local cemetery here. I accompanied the body East for interment. I am here this morning because I have written an account of my mother's illness, death and funeral. I should like you to publish it."

He gave us several sheets of paper.

"Poor Aunt Julia," commented Sam sadly, "she has lived to bury all her children. She will be lonesome from now on."

"It has been decided that I am to live

with her," declared the grandson. "My mother's affairs in Kansas City have all been wound up—or are in process of winding up by our attorneys."

"What are you going to do?"

"Mr. James Thorne of the local knitting mills and an old friend of our family came over last evening to offer sympathy and whatever aid he could give. Incidentally, before he left, he offered me a place in his office. It is possible that I may accept. As you say, my grandmother has buried all of her family but myself. She is getting along in years—she will be eighty-six her next birthday, you know. And it looks to be my duty to stay with her until the end. At her age it certainly cannot be very far away."

The daughter's body arrived and was laid beside her husband in the cemetery on the hill. John Farrington Fleming took the place offered him in Jim Thorne's office. This was six years ago. And in the old brick house on the corner of Walnut and Pine streets old Aunt Julia, still with none of her faculties impaired noticeably, began the living of the afterglow of a long and beautiful life.

The solicitude of old Aunt Julia for her fine grandson was pathetic. It has been said that grandparents often think more of their children's children than of their own. In Aunt Julia we were presented with almost daily proof.

If, in the twilight of her quiet front parlor, the old lady ever sat with her thoughts on other years, or if on gray days she took from the lower shelf of the whatnot the basket of daguerreotypes and gazed again into the features of loved ones, or recalled the great glory which had vanished from that house, she had some solace in the personality of Johnny Fleming. The blood of his mother and his mother's people ran in his veins. Fondly the old lady waited for him to marry, for though it might deprive her of him, yet it might assure her before she went home that the Warfield-Farrington blood was not doomed to perish wholly from the town and state.

June Farley of our office did her best to ensnare Johnny Fleming. So did countless other princesses of our town. But he refused to be ensnared. As for Johnny himself, he often laughingly remarked

that he was too interested in his job to allow of the distractions a girl would cause. Certain it was that almost from the first month he became an influence in Jim Thorne's office and his business.

GOOD help is hard to get in a little town like Paris. Men with brains usually have wives who cannot bear the quiet social life of a boardwalk community. Johnny Fleming was well on his way toward a five-thousand-dollar executiveship before he had been with Jim a year. And the day that Jim entrusted him with general direction of all the Thorne salesmen, our local manufacturer openly voiced his fear at the Citizens' Club of the day when Aunt Julia would go from among us, entirely aside from losing her to the community. That day might mean the cessation of Johnny's interest in Paris.

"How old is young Fleming?" asked Sam suddenly, overhearing Jim's remark.

"Thirty-two years old," replied Jim.

Sam accepted the age, and then forgot about it. There was no reason to doubt Jim's word, nor Johnny's word, if that was the age he had given out. He looked that age. He acted that age. If there had been any reason for suspicion, we might have figured up from our files of the old *Weekly Telegraph* when John Farrington was killed in the war, the age of his daughters, the marriage of Elizabeth to Jack Fleming, and thus arrive at an estimate which might lead to puzzled interrogatories. But again, there was no reason for such suspicion. Sam Hod told me afterward that in looking over the poll

list one year after Johnny had come among us he saw where young Fleming's age was set down, and that the lapse of time about compared with Jim's statement. No, there was no reason to doubt offhandedly that the boy was thirty-two years old.

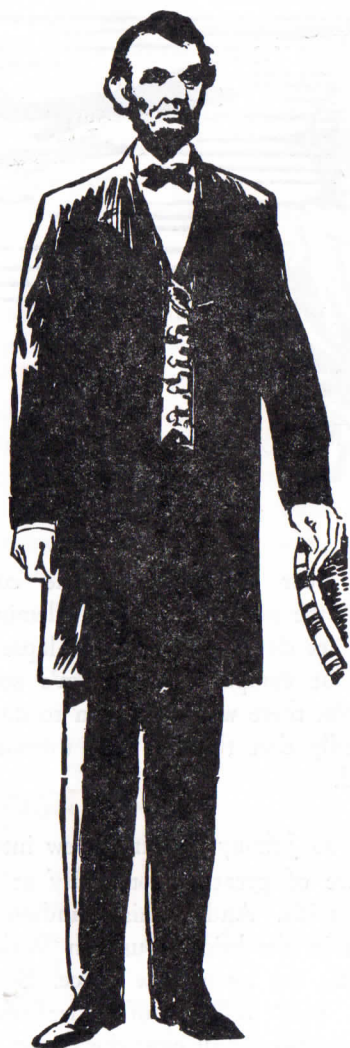
AND so Johnny Fleming grew into a place of great responsibility at the knitting mills. And so his grandmother lived on in the brick house on Walnut Street. So our town grew apace. So, in common with millions of other small-community people all over the nation, we lived our lives day after day, not very rich, not very poor, not very successful, not very unsuccessful, more or less uneventfully, little dreaming of the great Armageddon toward which the nations of the earth were drifting.

One morning I went into Jim Service's news-room to get the copy of the New York paper from which the *Telegraph* clipped most of its afternoon war news for the country clientele. The papers had been carrying huge black heads of late. This morning the heads were larger and blacker than ever:

MEN 21 TO 31 WILL BE DRAFTED

These were the words the folks in the news-room read announcing the result of the long wrangle in Congress over the age limit. And among those folks getting their regular city papers was Johnny Fleming. He stood in the little crowd of home folks reading the details underneath the headlines, impervious to the good-





natured pushing and shoving that marks the arrival of the New York and Boston papers each morn in Paris.

"Twenty-one to thirty-one," I remarked to him. "Well, John, that's lucky for you, but luckier for old Aunt Julia. That lets you out."

He looked at me perplexedly for a moment. There was a faint pallor on his blue-shaven face. In a quiet even voice he said, after wetting his lips:

"Yes, that is lucky—it lets me out."

Turning, he wormed his way through the thumb-nail crowd between Jim Service's side counters, and left the place quickly.

"He acts as if he was scared," laughed Nellie Boyce, the clerk in the news-room, who had witnessed the dialogue.

As a matter of fact, the Fleming boy was scared. We little suspected how much.

When he left the news-room he did not

head, as usual, for the knitting mills. He moved aimlessly through the common, down North Maple Street, out toward the flats and the open country. The newspaper was crushed in his hand. His pallor had increased. His eyes were set, staring straight ahead.

"My lord!" he cried hoarsely to himself. "What shall I do? What shall I do? Why didn't they leave the age limit at twenty-seven as the war college wanted. That would indeed have let me out. But now it's thirty-one. How can I ever explain to the town, to Jim Thorne, to everyone, that I'm not thirty-two but only twenty-eight, that I've been four years younger than everyone thought me all along?"

HE STUMBLED along, torn by this dilemma. He had been but twenty-two when he came East with his mother's body. He had told Jim Thorne he was twenty-six, because he felt that Jim would never trust a twenty-two-year-old boy with the responsibilities that Johnny Fleming, with the mettle and the brain that were his birthright, had felt himself capable of shouldering. He had told Jim he was twenty-six; to be consistent and cover the deceit of an unthinking moment he had been obliged to tell everyone he was twenty-six.

From the age of twenty-six he had gone on with his career in our community. Six years had passed. He held a town office because he was "over thirty." He had set down his age in lodges and societies and poll registrations, until all Paris knew him to be thirty-two. Every man has one little pet lie he has been telling over and over for so many years that even he has forgotten it is a fabrication. John Fleming's age was his. He had the brains of a man four years older; he had done the work of a man four years older. The whole town believed him to be thirty-two. Nowhere could he recall one single place where his true age was known—to the present generation—to anyone who would have a purpose in looking it up in the Kansas City records.

It had come to him that because of an odd business necessity he was thirty-two years of age to all his immediate world. Only in his heart lay the knowledge that

he was within the draftable age—only in his heart, and somewhere in the mazes of the birth records of a western metropolis, and in the knowledge of his grandmother. He need divulge his secret to no one. The Kansas City statistics would never be investigated. As for his grandmother—he knew that he had only to appeal to her love for him, to the necessity to save his life from the fatal battlefields of Europe in order to perpetuate the Farrington-Warfield line and blood, to silence her.

And yet he was not thirty-two. The sterling qualities in him, bequeathed through a long line of ancestors, gentlemen of honor, soldiers, good and patriotic citizens, flayed him for his cowardice. And as he walked along his misery increased. He grew frantic at the problem which appeared ahead—which he must solve by the fifth of June.

AT NOONTIME he came home to the brick house in Walnut Street. He was very pale; there was the misery of an assertive young man's indecision in his clear black eyes.

Aunt Mary Purse met him at the door.

"Don't go near the side bedroom, John," she said. "Your grandmother's in there sleeping. She went out in the wet last night to cut some flowers for the sick Hopper woman, and this forenoon the grippe has got her. Doctor Johnson's been here twice this morning. We've been trying to get you at the mill, but Mr. Thorne said you hadn't reported for work this morning."

John Fleming stopped on the threshold.

His grandmother, at ninety-two, had succumbed to an attack of grippe. Could she, at her advanced age, survive it? It was the first question which occurred to him. Neither could he help the sudden suggestion that thrust itself upward into his distraught mind: If she did not—the only person in Paris who really knew his correct age, the only one who might give him any trouble, who might hold the right above the pain of her heart—would be removed. He flushed shamefacedly at the thought. But he could not keep it from him; it fought against the family quality that was rebelling within him. He compromised by telling himself that it was

(Continued on Page 40)

"What Have They Done to Deserve It?"

THE GREAT rank and file of America pursues their daily way, reasonably content with its mortal fortunes, cheerfully willing to permit the next man to enjoy the rewards of industry, charitably helping the unfortunate when the tides of life roll against them.

Statesmen come and go, the stock market fluctuates, the evening newspapers report of embattled minions overseas. But Over Here there is eternal marrying and giving in marriage, the roar of the Niagara of new infants, the illnesses and departures of the aged. It is Life in Mortality, with the massive silhouette of Dame Liberty behind the throbbing, struggling, aspiring mass of it.

It's the greatness, the compassion, the nobility of it that calls for a garland the clock and year around.

We are a great people, more affluent than compatriots anywhere on this planet. We are great because our individual lives are established on principles that call out the best in the Spiritual Man. We have come into earthlife to do the world good. And we say these wars and rumors of wars that take their tolls in human suffering are uncalled for and archaic.

There is a way to end them, and we shall find it and embrace it.

THE YEAR and the month and the day has come upon us when we must roll up a nobler record in the annals of history for laying the monster of international carnage and bequeathing a world of continental tranquillity to those we ennoble with the breath of continuing life.

We want no super-government directing our ways of prosperity and peace. We look to no overseas genius to forge a better scheme of civic living than we have inherited from our heroic forefathers. We are content with what we have and are prepared to defend it from those who not. The Big Thing of which we stand in need is *Stamina* to stand foursquare against the alien plotter and consign his everlasting caterwauling to the Tophet which he considers it clever to make for *us*. But everlasting caterwauling at the havoc of him in our midst does nothing to rid ourselves of his pestilence.



That Her Light may shine to all of God's People
in all the Earth.

What we truly need in advance of all of it is a nation aroused *intelligently* to perceive his works in whatever design they manifest and champion those with the skills to defeat him. It must be done with an eye first of all to that which we would first protect from him.

THE FIRST thing we would protect from him is our faith in ourselves. We have apologies to make to no man, for our racial endowments, our vision to embrace that which is transcendent, our historical heritage made up of hopes and dreams and aspirations of all those who have preceded us and the manner in which they fought Life's battle and won it. We have everything which God seems to have intended should fall to man's lot in earth-life and require no one to do our thinkings that we should strain to conjecture greater.

The Second Thing we would protect from him is the sound disciplinary system by which we raise our young.

We identify no Master-Minds so imbued with super-intellectuality that they may deprecate our patriotism, im-

pugn our motives to brotherhood because we prefer to lift this land above all others, and castigate us as provincial because we refuse to let them conduct our institutions and turn our eyes afield to global ventures having as their essence the glorification of the foreign.

The Third Thing from which we would protect ourselves is disruption of our industrial structure.

We can tolerate no alien Little Helpers, whose mischievous fingers touch only to contaminate, who deny that the man should fit the job and be rewarded accordingly, but plot that the job be fitted to the man and rewards be made him according to his necessities, who pose as humanity's selfless emancipators that they may take a portion from every pay-envelope and enrich themselves by their skills at fomentation.

We demand to be let alone, to live our lives according to the standards bequeathed us from the fathers, to assert our individualities as Americans and garner such wealth from the fields of trade and commerce as is likely for us to possess.

If those not native to America are displeased with our procedures as a nation, we invite them to stay afar and work innovations elsewhere. We are doing all right by ourselves as a people.

It is time we began to utter this in language understood by the malcontent.

WE SAY little is wrong with our United States but aliens promoting megalomaniacs after their own conceits for application on the American System that it may be used to advance their own lusts or boundary ambitions or reshape society after archaic religious despotisms.

It begins to come clear to us that our ideals would be subverted and our assets controlled by the International Idea, promoted on false premises, tricked by fraudulent formulas for Peace, that our highest spiritualities be employed to strengthen our opponents and profit our enemies. The fact that our opponents have not read fiats to us as yet nor our enemies fired upon our gunboats, makes them no less hostile to our continued wealth or freedom. The fact that they would trade with us, or drink vodka-toasts to drunkenness, makes them no less menacing to what we have come to symbolize with-in the Commonwealth of Nations.

The way to put an end to it is by bringing home to the little man the worth of what is jeopardized, that he value it properly, and pass it along fortified to *our* heirs and *his* progeny!

It is time the whole people were aroused to this emergency.

THE FOUNDING Fathers laid the substructure for a State that embraced every incentive for the common man to do his best and know reward to the fullest, both in goods and in honors. One hundred and eighty years of practice have decided that State's merit. If those principles had been faulty, that growth could not be evident. But behold those who have lost in comparisons to it, using its very ideals to undermine its greatness.

One school of thought says to halt this with violence. A wiser school says, Convince a man of what he presently loses—make him *truly* aware of it—and naught but aggressive self-interest makes him preserve what the plotter would violate.

We of the present generation were bequeathed a skillful and priceless estate of civic wealth, but the artful maligner must be kept from administering it so to substitute penury birthed of stupidity. Well might we ask ourselves what merit made us eligible for such largess assuming we ignore the demand of posterity, "What, by merely being born to you, have we done to deserve such inheritance debauched by *your* intervening gullibilities?"

POSTERITY meets us at the threshold of its birth and holds out small pink hands to receive its lawful patrimony. Dare we say to Posterity, "Your puerile claims are presumptuous and spurious, . . . in that we got our own inheritance from The Fathers was it not ours to dissipate as we pleased?"

Might not Posterity be justified in answering, "Then we hold you as traitors to the very ideals that called us to succeed you, assuming you ignore that the Great Family Patrimony was only your trust, left in your care to conserve and enlarge for us." In the day of such accounting shall our shame not be sizable?

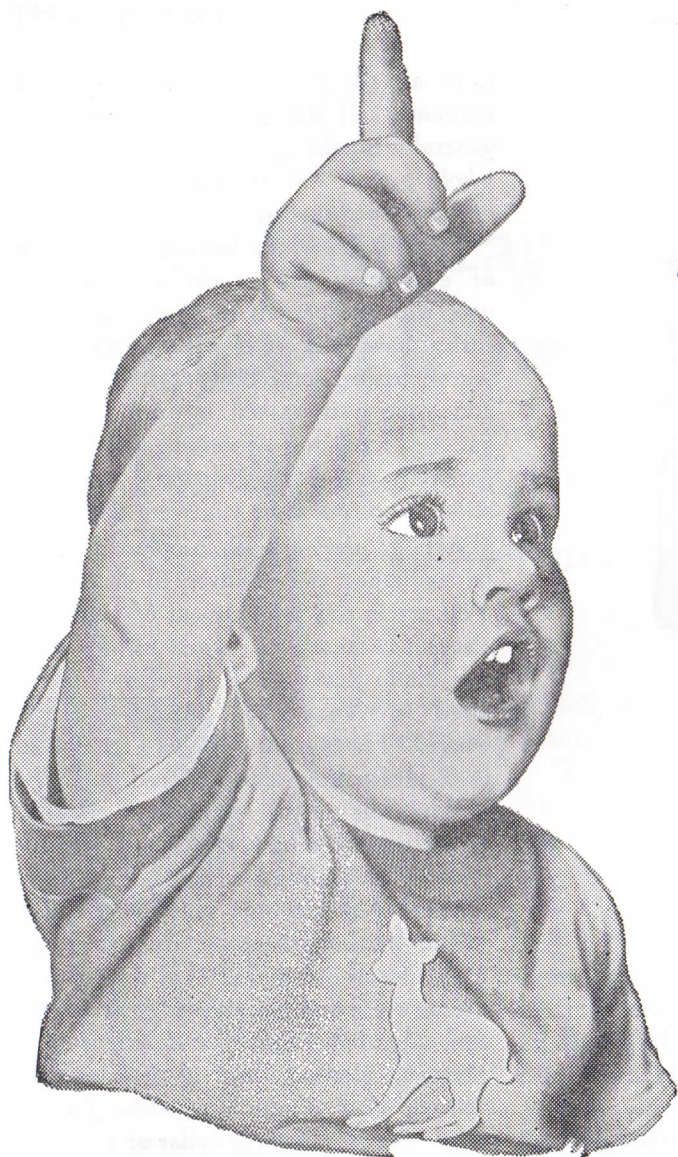
It is to bring home graphically and inspirationally what the trust is we game with and how ill our profligacy benefits us, that the call of the moment sounds to give a timely portrait of hemispheric life on this side the Atlantic, unbesmirched by depredations of global rascals, bringing home to the discouraged or bewildered what a stake is being toyed with.

The nation itself requires a conscience that must be deathless.

Prav God our Eternal Tranquillities be not disturbed by the anguish of those left behind us crying, "What have we done to deserve it?" as this hectic century runs its mischief and a new one comes in, sculptured of a new breed's holier cleverness.

OVER HERE, *indeed!*





The Average Person Comes into Life to Do the Best He Can

*He Doesn't Always Succeed but
Give Him Credit for Trying*

still female at maturity, you discover these entrance you.

But this so-called "world" into which you have made advent is composed of greater conditions that can oppose you most annoyingly. As your own size increases, such state of affairs becomes aggravated. You are a prisoner of your own body, which in turn must live in perpetual compromise with the formal materials you've come to call Reality. You take this situation gracefully or you take it bellicosely. Nonetheless you take it.

This body requires covering with fabrics known as clothes. Three times a day—and sometimes between meals—it must be stimulated by earlier-mentioned nourishment. Such nourishment costs money. If you don't possess the money you don't acquire such nourishment and life becomes very grim. You must educate the mind that is supposed to be enskulled in your cranium; you must prepare yourself for the "industrial struggle"—whatever that is; you must not lay hands permanently on objects not belonging to you or your body is bundled off to abide for a given number of days or months or years in a compartment walled with bars. There is a very great deal of social odium in being thus confined. You had better leave things not belonging to you, alone, but

GET around the fact of his personal reality the average mortal cannot. The facts of life begin with himself.

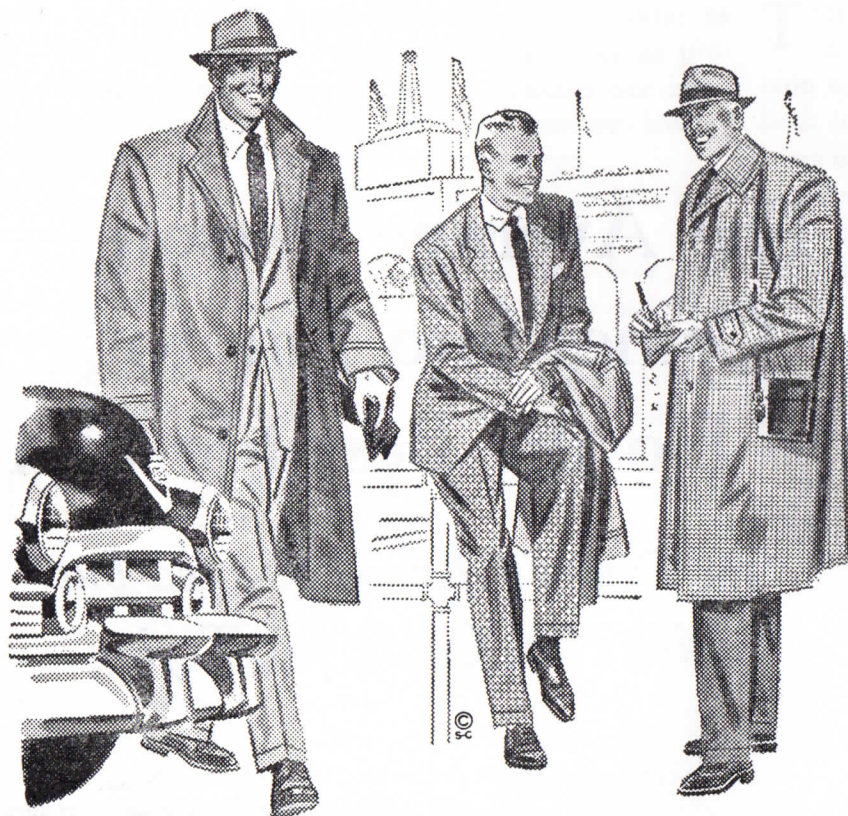
You find yourself conscious in a physical body in an environment of materials. This environment holds other human beings who announce themselves as your relatives. Soon they are making you do this and that. You have to do this and that whether you concur in it or not. You are diminutive and weak in your physical vehicle. Nevertheless the forces about you play upon you.

You are hot, you are cold. You greatly desire sustaining nourishment. There is a knob in the mattress on which your

diminutive vehicle reposes. A contraption of cloths about your hips known as diapers is fastened by a small metal gadget known as a Safety-Pin. This gadget has a point. Coming unfastened this point stabs you. You protest such stabbing. Somebody should do something about it, seeing you cannot.

But you get through this period.

You proceed to a wider program of discoveries. First and most intriguing, all physical creatures moving about you are not alike biologically. If you are male, one-half of those coming to your notice are female. If you are female, the world also holds coarse, noisy, declamative contemporaries known as *Boys!* These boys grow more sizable with time until they reach a condition known as Men. Being



the confinement is known as "having acquiring respect for Law."

IN TIME you confront a most personal specimen of the opposite sex for whom you feel unaccountable palpitations. You proceed through marital formalities and find yourself enjoying a monopoly of privacy with such fellow mortal. The monumental day and hour comes when an absolutely new human unit makes appearance between you—which is where you came in, and causes you for the first time to wonder seriously what it is all about? But such repetitions of the biologic phenomena seem to continue interminably, no one knowing when they will end, more than there is authority for determining at what point in Time they specifically commenced.

You acquire a structure in which to reside that the elements do not discomfit you, you employ your biologic mechanism at tasks that continue year upon year which produce fiscal compensation with which to pay bills and especially taxes. Maybe a war breaks out and you undergo a sequence of jeopardy while mechanisms of the enemy seek to introduce sundry

projectiles of pig-iron into your person in hopes that you will be exterminated and the resultant condition be known as a Victory. But you survive, and return to your status quo as community member. Your nation grows great around you—indeed how could it do otherwise with so many like you all continuing so eternally busy?

The point is that from the first you have held up your end in it, not because someone expected it of you so much as that if you hadn't you would have suffered some sort of personal loss. This so-called "world" into which you have come seems to have turned out a perpetual arena for battling some aspect of personal loss. What if you hadn't been injected into it in the first place?

That is what you finally come to inquire of yourself.

THEN some esoteric instructor comes along and essays to give you what he assures you is an explanation for it.

Although you don't positively recall the circumstances attending it, you deliberately elected to come into this place, says he, take up an endurance-period in this body,

meet all the people you have met and encounter all the experiences that have generally caught up with you, *because the whole project has enhanced the Quality of your Intelligence.*

That is the whole sum and substance of everything you've met with around you, why the periods of grace and bellicosity have succeeded each other, why you've bashed some other party's nose or had your own bashed in turn, learned, and explored, and witnessed, and participated in everything featuring your conscious moments since you were a moppet.

After a time the philosophy in which he enmeshes you resolves to little else. You are in this predicament of your own election because you desired to be a little less dumb than you were before you entered it. You ask, "Entered it from where?" He says hush-hush to that. That is Reincarnation and frowned upon by all the best people. Why is it frowned upon by all the best people if it's a fact of life? Because a batch of clerics some nineteen centuries ago got up a religion within the limitations of their communal ignorance attesting that God created each person fresh and new at birth . . . that such soul might do Wrong or do Right at its personal election, but if it did *more* Wrong than Right that same Creator would order it into the cellar of the world and thrust into the roaring fires of the furnace distinguishing the place, there to undergo a cremation that never ended. Why did God go to such trouble to create so many all to such crematory end? No matter. How did the original clerics learn all about it? Don't ask that, either. Things of the Spirit are to be taken on faith. What's faith? Faith is believing what those clerics and their successors propounded for you to believe. Challenge it and you're sacrilegious. Oh, dearie me!

All the same, there does seem to be something to this contention that you came into life to raise your Intelligence Quotient.

You *do* raise it, anyhow. And that's gain you can estimate.

SUCH is the "background" of nine out of ten mortal Americans living their lives in the body today.

(Continued on Page 28)

Never Disparage a Person because He or She Is Old

You Might Be Falling for an Alien Scheme to Undermine All Morale



DON'T look around, but that hatchet-faced chap over there holding forth so tearfully about taking care of our old folks with more social security money after they pass 65, know who he is? His name is Ben Kiskanhalas and he claims to be a Hungarian refugee. If he's a Hungarian refugee I'm a Bulgarian goat-catcher. Fourteen years ago, when I first saw him in Washington, he had a job under Ickes, drawing taxpayers' money for carrying culture to the Ozarks. Went down there as missionary for the More Abundant Life. Second time I ran across him was an afternoon in Manhattan when I dropped in to give the once-over to a UNESCO Committee hearing on Genocide. The way he happened to lean over Vishinsky's chair and speak to him confidentially told me volumes. Now he's a bleeding-heart for father social security.

"Ever get it through your head that there's a certain lunatic fringe hailing from overseas looking for any soft opening to poison the wells of American morale and advocate any sort of doctrine that puts ideas of discontent in the minds of discomfitted citizens to keep 'em stirred up and dissatisfied with the status quo? Notice how this fellow Kiskanhalas handles his stuff. Anybody over 65 is manifestly in his dotage, nearly physically helpless, ready to be shelved in favor of

Youth and inexperience. Takes it for granted everyone agrees with him.

"In my day, friend, we wouldn't have had the crust to treat silver-heads like that. A man who'd battled his way up through six or more decades of care, labor, business strain, just plain worldly *experience*, we credited with having annexed something in his character that made him anything but a spineless public-treasury mooching after Relief, no matter how much merited. Old people were *respected* . . . for the sheer fact that they'd seen so much of the world and life. A man who'd paid the bills for a family of boys and girls, married 'em off, gone through the experience of becoming a grandparent, was acknowledged as having the acumen to provide for his own old age, even accumulate enough to retire as a monument to success and respect held up to the whole community. It isn't years alone, necessarily, that change any person from a citizen of prestige into a senile idiot. The thing that really ages any man or woman is to get daily and hourly reaction from those around him that he's shot his bolt and missed, that nothing

now remains ahead but the grave . . . and it can't be too soon in the interests of the youngsters. Why all this adulation of the youngsters? Why fight one's way through sixty to seventy years of life only to learn that the more effort you put forth the less it counts, that new and untried fledglings are the only folk that count? Besides, who's said so? The whole philosophy is an insult to the very motif that's brought a given human being into earth-life at all. That it's agitated so bluntly and flagrantly ought to tip off the average septuagenarian that there's malicious design behind it. Somebody's running down the whole scheme of living and its ultimate purpose is to knock away ideals. Seems funny, doesn't it, that knocking away of respected ideals can be anybody's business. Yet somebody seems to want it done . . . which means there's profit behind it somehow. Deprecate a whole race, evidently, and it means easy prey for the alien, non-Christian vultures of world society."

"**H**OW old are you, by the way, young fellow? Thirty-four? Well, it happens I'm exactly twice your age. For every hour you've lived and stewed and worried and struggled and experienced, I've lived *two*. Let me tell you something about reaching sixty-eight that you've yet to discover . . .

"There's never going to come any exact moment in the years ahead when you change from being middle-aged to old.



Day follows day. Year follows year—and it's marked off on the calendar. Perhaps your physical reflexes seem less energetic but you don't change as a *person*. Whether you're man or woman, the day does come when you realize your parental days are behind you. You probably won't have any more offspring, but by the same token you won't want any. It's just a phase of your life-experience that's finished and done with, . . . and greatly over-rated all the way along. All it truly means to you is emancipation from everlasting care of dependents. Time now for you to enjoy a measure of freedom and reflection. You got any idea, young man, what it means for you and your fine old wife who've scarcely had a moment to yourselves while the family was growing, to be able to get up and go out at night without bothering with the eternal problem of a baby-sitter? On the other hand, all the years open to you when you can do a host of things you've never had time nor money for doing when your middle-aged cares were heavy upon you? The richest and finest portion of your life now opens, but of course there's mighty little you can do on a mere existence-check of sixty social security dollars monthly. Just recall that under the More Abundant Life as the Kiskanhallas have envisioned it for you, you're really supposed to be a doddering old pauper. And he calls it Progress. Listen to him rant about it! . . .

"Would you believe it, the other day down East another of these Kiskanhallas bleeding-hearts seriously proposed the notion that if this country was run right it should even finance Marriage. Supply enough government money for you and your new bride to assure yourselves of happiness. Of course he didn't mean you could have it both ways. If you took your provender from the watchful Bureau of Love, you couldn't expect to receive royalties if you invented a new cigarette-lighter that made you fifty grand a year in profits. You'd have to turn over your patent to the Bureau—which would graciously allow you enough out of it to pay the old rent and grocery-bill as your offspring came along. As for those lighter royalties, it was sheer presumption on your part to think they belonged to you just because you had an

idea for making fire come from a flint. They belonged, of course, to the Public Treasury that was so solicitous of you that it added fifty a month to your income, a bambino at a time. Bureaucrats must live, you know, as well as brides and grooms. But I'm getting from my subject about respect for the aged . . .



"THE WHOLE trouble with this Marxist tripe is that it's geared to the slowest, stupidest, most improvident man in the crowd—just a mere cog on the human conveyor belt manufacturing Prosperity . . . if you want to call it that. It deifies Mediocrity and adulates Incompetence. Just be a dumb wage-slave, doing precisely what The State tells you, living as The State prescribes for you to live, and all will be well with you. And who is The State that's going to run your lives so artfully? Who but the Master Brains planning it that way. Each and every one of 'em expects to be a kommissar and say how things shall be. The world is just a runting farm of a sort and they the master-breeders. Come right down to it, it's little more than a complex manifesting. There's no spirituality in it. The world is conceived on an animal basis. Animals should perform as their masters direct. If they have aspirations toward being more than animals, kill 'em off. Society has no place for 'em. What the Master-Minds want is a short-cut to Power. Any kind of Power will do 'em, providing they don't have to obey it too strictly in person.

"You know the clever way to sudge all human animals down to that level and keep 'em in their places? Mess up this

ideal of life being given human souls for advancement and improvement. Make it appear the whole mortal struggle is a bust and you're lucky even to eat in your old age. Puff up the youngsters into accepting they're the only pumpkins that count and anyone over fifty should vacate the world and give inexperience its chance. *There's no surer way of making society your prey and vanquishing a country than destroying its ideals.* So get a tight hold on the welfare of the old folks, the experienced folks, the folks that have learned to recognize wolves in sheep's clothing, and make 'em economic paupers. Get the myth growing strong that anybody over 65 is a wart on the face of Progress and a fly in the butter of worthwhile endeavor. Make it apparent that the man of 65 is no longer competent to earn his own living and be independent. Don't you see it presents a picture of sterile hopelessness to a husband and father as he goes along? His life is supposed to run out in futility. Why, therefore, should he manifest daring, caution, discretion, discrimination, discernment, all the increments of knowledge that come from endurance? Society takes the attitude that his usefulness ends at forty, and after forty he is kept alive by tolerance.

"The whole of it is keyed to Subconscious discouragement with Life itself, the assumption that nothing is really worth experiencing because nothing ends in proper reward for good work done cleverly. And the assumption permeates all society and shows in the disregard amounting almost to contempt for the elderly person merely because he is elderly. Studied disrespect for parents, being older, is the surest and deadliest means of preparing for the downfall or collapse of the state. All authority is ultimately held in contempt because it is authority and presumes to dictate to others as it pleases. *But the one mass cure for it rests in the elderly one himself.*

"Let him so live his life that he does not require to ask largess of bureaucratic authority. Let him so drill his children that respect for his character is instinctive in the moppet. The tad who remarks to his companion, "Is that the way you talk
(Continued on Page 39)

Why Women of Middle Age Decide Romance Is Dead and Gone

They've Overlooked that Life Would Cast Them in Roles More Consequential . .



THE FEMININE heart is instinctively and inherently the romantic heart. No woman exists who doesn't think she knows the meaning of romance, but compare her definition with that of the dictionary and see how inarticulate she really is about it. What the average woman of any age or race takes to be romance can readily be covered by the blanket term Glamorous. But actually romance means more than ostentation.

Up to about the Eighteenth Century the term was used to describe a peculiar type of book or story written in Low Latin, Portuguese, Spanish, Italian or Romanian, that described wild and incredible adventures, mostly of amatory trend, marking the age of chivalry. Knights of irresistible physical and moral attraction rode to and fro seeking to champion femininity in distress, any sort of distress, the repayment for which was inevitable assignation.

Little was generally said in these books about the personal appearances of the ladies so favored. Nine out of ten had to be princesses, which implied the acme of pulchritude, charm and acquiescence. It was amative idealism raised to nth power. All men read themselves into such galloping roles; what could more appeal to the mediocre stable-man than thundering on a thoroughbred to assistance of some inimitable female who was having a difficult time of it, knocking the eternal viscera out of competitive tormentors, swooping an invincible arm about a delectable waist and continuing to "thunder" to a hut in leafy forest?

What followed in the hut was nobody's business but such parties to the contract.

The imagination could riot in eroticism—and did.

Other things besides the sky were the limit.

ALL of it was catering uncensored to badly constituted complexes, masculine or feminine. Johnny the Swineherd

couldn't mess around with his castle lady in reality but he certainly could do it in his day-dreams. Jenny the scullerymaid couldn't get a real knight to pass a ribald remark about her ankles but she could learn to spell out five-letter words and thus become Perpetual Cinderella wooed by proxy. Europe knew a period after the invention of printing when all fiction had but a single theme, How to Seduce Glamorously though Married. In time all of it came to be considered as bore-somely overrated. But the word for it stayed on—the tale in Low Roman foreshortened to Romance. Later it came to cover any fictitious narrative of wonderful and extraordinary events characterized by imagination and idealization.

The Twentieth Century feminine item acknowledges that her career is largely built about her virtue but considering herself a lady means that such biologic fact be portrayed in the extravagant. She doesn't realize it's truly the divine spirit in her insisting that every second-story window shall be "a magic casement, open-



ing on the foam of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn." If the essence of her being must inevitably reduce to the productively physical, she can at least conceive of it luxuriantly and in her young and adolescent years certainly make the most of it. No one can censure her for that. Human life is gross enough in materialistic demands without its replenishments becoming the epitome of all sordidness.

Milady truly is showing herself as the element in the sexes that keeps ideals alive for what they are, thus we term her idealistic manias romantic. The trouble in too many cases of unhappy wives is the fact that they don't see this as a qualifying sequence in any soul's evolution. They want to maintain the idealism as a self-perpetuating glamor while the brutal facts are that Nature won't cooperate.

Nature confines the romantic interlude to the culminating octave of connubial acquiescence, where it serves its purpose and diminishes. But the maidenly heart doesn't see it in Nature's conspectus for two kopecks. Why can't Milady continue being incontestably ravishing right up to the birth of the seventh child of her seventh daughter? Nature tries to say, "Because the purpose of erotic ravishment has been achieved. It isn't the biologic terminus that particularly interests you, it's the thrill of realizing it can happen at all. That's truly an aspect of conspiratorial puberty. Now how long, my sweet, shall such puberty last?"

Milady responds, "Why need it ever end?"

Nature says, "But if it never ended, you would discover yourself in the pre-

dicament of the never-ending prey to procreation, since even ideal eroticism is part of the program of conditioning you for young."

Milady exclaims, "How wonderful. I'm not unwilling."

"No," says Nature, shaking its wise, old head, "but your body won't stand still even if your spirit would—I mean, confine itself to an octave. You've got to tread step with physical maturity. It's part of the earthly discipline, permitting you to play *more* than the procreative role in the domestic ensemble."

Which puts Milady in a pet. She wants always to be desired for herself alone . . . meaning a Perfect Thirty-Six for a bust and a snug Thirty-Two for a waist. But chocolate eclairs and banana-splits enjoyed to suffusion as the years creep upward, play silhouette havocs. By the time forty-five is reached, the thought of a plumed knight coming past on a stallion mirthlessly suggests that part of his equine equipment might be a winch. And Milady considers such suggestion a tragedy. She is idealistically content to continue right along being abducted by a strong right arm but strong right arms have their limits of encirclement. If nothing in the ensemble but the Percheron is bigger, glamor is an utter loss, Milady in the premises being chief losee.

This is something that no male in adult senses talks about.

Men have discovered their cranial inventory injured dramatically for less. . .

BUT it does stand out as a rational alibi why ladies in their fifties are poignantly depressed because "Romance has passed them by." Romance, of course, has done nothing of the sort. Romance has had its way with them in the years when it was proper; now they are being called to exert their femininity in more seasoned aspects. That each and severally they may not approve of exerting their femininity in more seasoned aspects, butters no parsnips. They really are exclaiming at becoming older girls, letting their skirts *down* and putting their tresses *up*. And hot, young passion, uttered in the irresponsibilities of biologic adolescence, mellows of itself into affection with overtones.

Males in the nature of their own maturities are groping for a richer and nobler endearment. The woman over-deploring the vanishment of Romance is telling each one in substance, "Go ahead and grow into doddering old wretch; I refuse to develop emotionally beyond talking dolls and pigtales. I'm still back in grammar school learning my A-B-Cs at life; that you've graduated and are taking a post-graduate course in the College of Worldly Buffetings, shows that you don't want an inamorata but a nurse. And I beg to decline the honor."

Men grow old fastest because they accept the inevitable with least argument. Woman doesn't wish to grow old at all. Which would of itself be excellent if she had it in her election to make her vehicle follow suit. She forgets that men are living with what moves through the rooms with wearier and wearier feet as the years mount upward, that have to "let out" last season's frocks if the domestic exchequer can't forever afford new, that gives less and less attention to the hairdresser and doesn't want to be admired so much as *loved*.

God bless 'em, what's wrong with it?

FACT of the matter is, Woman is loved . . . loved for the endless exertions, the unceasing loyalties, the irrepressible concerns of family and fortune, the tender touch in the hour of fever, the faithful consolation in the presence of tragedy. Men don't hold flirtatious maidens in high regard for these. Unsurpassed faithfulness and fidelity is the real and eternal gauge of mature woman's worth. Would a woman spurn these for the adolescent thrill of an armored hot-rodder scooping her two-hundred pounds on his Percheron-convertible to be conveyed to the forest's leafy hut that couldn't hold both of them without the hot-rodder slumbering with feet out the window? The years have a trick of altering exteriors . . . which again, admittedly, is something Milady doesn't care to consider. But man as Romance-Dispenser finds himself facing it.

Well might Milady be thankful in her seemingly disappointed heart that Man says in place of it, "I really love you,

(Continued on Page 29)



To What Should a Woman Most Look Forward in Marriage?

*"The Hunger for Being
Needed" Is the Amative
Drive with Most Brides*

arrangement. The average woman comes into life with her fate reasonably fixed as to whom she expects to wed and what the exact number of her progeny will be. Women under hypnotherapy in the great psychical research societies almost unerringly qualify what marriage or marriages they expect to go through with, and what the outcome is to be in the item of progeny. Thus is the scriptural adjuration more or less substantiated that "marriages are made in heaven." The term *arranged*, however, would be a better expression than *made*. The latter implies they are already contracted. There are many books on the reality of this mighty question, as to whether the soul has ever existed before coming into the earth-scene. Those who don't know the real history of Christianity are not a little surprised to discover that this matter of prenatal existence exercised the fathers of the early Church no end in the Third Century. The argument was that if the human soul was in any fashion divine—as Christ often intimated—it must have existed co-alive with God as long as God has existed.

Be that as it may, it does remain a fact

THE AVERAGE woman today is by no means in any fret to step off into marriage—perhaps not half so much as her mother, or more accurately her grandmother, may have been before her. Just the same, quite as many adolescent couples are marrying as have ever married in the history of our nation. Her mother—and more particularly her grandmother—faced a somewhat grim economic future if her parents had died and left her homeless.

The modern maid shrinks before no such bugbear. Definitely a job awaits her in industry if she qualifies to fill it. Her mother or grandmother had no such alternatives if menfolk were not handy to qualify with the meal-ticket. Satisfying and reasonably early matrimony with mother or grandmother was a life-fact to be faced. Today's young woman bides her time and can be choosier.

Yet statistics show she isn't.

The esotericist has determined what the orthodox observer hasn't, that marriage and motherhood is more or less a prenatal

that women are telling accurately under trance just what their marital commitments are, and invariably life proves their accuracy. It leaves the whole question reduced to this status, Why do women marry at all and what is it they're specifically looking for, by marrying any given man?

IF the average, conscientious, sincere-tempered woman would face the matter candidly, she might have an answer coming up that would astound and confound most Dr. Kinseys of our times. The strongest drawing-card, getting most interested in any given man who hails along proposing matrimony, *is what seems to be his impelling need for her and what she, and she alone, can contribute to his life?*

She may not concede this in every case openly. But it weighs more with her than anything else.

One man may attract her by being personally handsome. He may "have money" or the capacity to earn it in heavy amounts. Another may be courteous to the point of servility, "worshiping" her for what he discerns in her character. But there is the third male perhaps, not distinguished overly for masculine pulchritude, not outstandingly clever among his associates, who "wrings her heart" with his apparent need of her. Not that she feels any overwhelming urge to "mother" him, for that excites a pity that can alter to contempt. But this third man seems to be relying on her for some completion to his career—she couldn't exactly explain it even if she wanted. Making her his *confidante*, pouring out his aspirations and heart-hopes to her, subconsciously seeming to make her part and parcel of what he most readily envisions, holds almost a sacrosanct attraction for her. It isn't that she feels obligated to marry him because he's weak or helpless; it isn't altogether that her vanity is touched that he considers her indispensable to him. There is a place and role for her in his Plan of Life that no other female apparently can, or will, fill.

Weirdly almost, she will discover herself loving that lad with an attachment that makes the appeal of the other two mere affectations. In graver moments it may even come over her that he appears

to fill an equal vacancy in her own life, heart, and philosophy. His very existence, the fact that he too is in life at this particular time, "gets hold of her" and it leaves her envisioning matrimony as pretty much of a challenge . . . is she big enough, and does she have the attributes, not to let him down?

The more she thinks about it, the closer to him she feels.

PERHAPS it may take a tragedy like a near-fatal auto mishap to bring it home to her with startling clearness that something exists between herself and this particular male more than mere romantic fantasy. She may pass agonizing moments realizing that if he should die and leave, there never could be another quite the same to take his place. Any woman feeling so about a man had better give heed to it, because that is the nearest evidence of karmic love that she may ever know.

To such a one, marriage at any rate stacks up as a fulfilling of that indefinable camaraderie between them. And that type of romance, based on such intuitions, she will have a hard time relinquishing—granting she ever does.

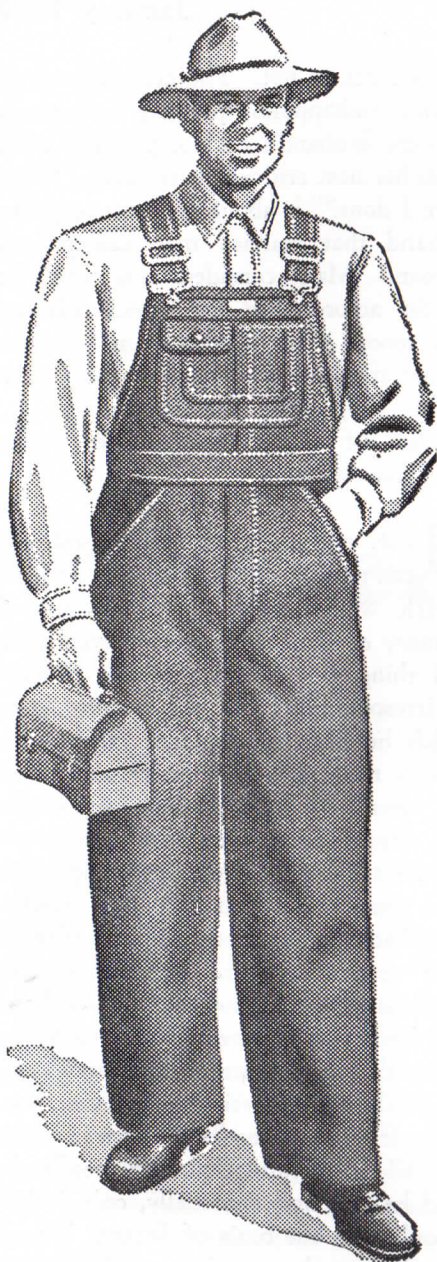
One safe thing distinguishing it, if the truth could be known, will be the utter and complete constancy, each to the other, while it endures. No other woman can

come between them because no other woman can do as much for that particular male as this new bride who must have entered into some sort of compact to be his helpmate "out beyond the stars." By the way, "helpmate" has a more significant imputation to such a one. She is just that and naught else. She has the satisfaction of feeling all the way along that no sister can take her place. She will not have been wedded long before she agreeably discovers an "understanding" between herself and new husband that hasn't been born of wild adolescent pledgings. They have something very sacred and common to work out together . . . and they proceed to work it out.

Frankly, if the truth could only be known, this is the same satisfactory basis with a man of her choice that every normal woman is hunting—to be something graver and deeper than a mere co-partner in his home or even the mother of his offspring. It isn't that she wants to smother him nor let him smother her. It more aptly seems that they have "unfinished business" to work out in tandem. It goes without saying that such a wife will be happiest because everything she does, every gesture she adds to her wifely role, seems to carry a significance behind it she couldn't put into words. What equal satisfaction could possibly lie in any

(Continued on Page 29)





Every Man Has a Collar-Button Pressing His Neck . . What's Yours?

Some Men Can't Get Rid of Theirs but Identifying It Helps! . .

thing? Undoubtedly there's an answer somewhere but the headache is to find it.

Probably if we could take a poll of that thousand male Americans we would find the greatest percentage afflicted with a worry either physical or financial. And if the truth could be known, undoubtedly the first would outnumber the second. Not that America is a nation of invalids. But the adult man enjoying an utter absence of reminder that something is wrong with some particular part of his anatomy is the exception. Like some peculiar bicuspid—tooth to you—that he shrinks from having pulled, the dull, low, murmuring ache of it comes back to him when his attention is turned from something distracting it.

NEVER MIND what male individual you pass on the sidewalk on a trip into town, that specific individual has one main trouble, affliction or harassment peculiar to himself. No man is without his own distinctive concernment. It may fall in a class with those of a thousand other men but that rarely makes it one whit less tormenting. It's with him hour after hour, moment after moment—like an oversized collar-button pressing into his neck. No matter what diverts his passing attention, the moment the diversion passes his mind comes back to that cankering collar-button. How to get rid of the dratted

If the special collar-button is a deficient kidney, liver, pancreas or prostate, he grits his teeth and bears it. The average mortal has just enough wrong with him to upset his emotional serenity but not serious enough to compel a resort to surgery. Perhaps it's only a "lousy" feeling that denotes faulty circulation or imperfect digestion. Perhaps it's an all-over weakness that denotes insufficient vitamins. Anyhow, he's kept reminded every

instant that he's enshrouded in a physical carcass and is of the earth, earthy. If he were worth a few more thousands of dollars or had the time at his disposal he would take a month off and go to a rest-home for a check-up. But the average man is seldom given to the affluence that permits of such respite. Besides, he dreads a check-up on principle. God knows what the medics might find wrong with him, far worse than he may care to know about.

THE SECOND biggest contingent of our poll would disclose the mass-harassment to be somehow financial.

Nine out of ten Americans feel themselves to be forever enduring on the brink of a dollar collapse. Especially is this true in a day of Installment Buying and union-dues obligations. Never, it seems, does one earn quite enough to "go around." At least seven out of ten have one date in the month, to get past which is like racing across a stretch of No-Man's Land, hoping no sniper will draw effective bead on him. "Well, I made it again!" he says to himself. And he wonders how he did it and if his luck will hold another month, or two months, or a year or throughout his life. But that perpetual worry of "making it again" takes the joy out of living and makes him yearn with a poignant longing for the pelf-free years of youth. But when he gives sober thought to it, he knows there will never come pelf-free years of youth again. Having those financial cankers is part of the program of enjoy-

ing maturity and freedom in social or civic pursuits.

The trouble with too many men is, they're willing to pay too high a price to get out from under the temporary harassment. They go to a loan shark and only multiply their problems. Or they tackle a job with greater financial return for the moment but less chances of permanency and stability in the end.

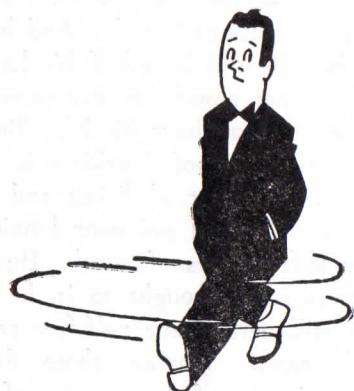
Some men discover that by altering the whole setup of the career they can overcome the harassments and curtailments that go with the limited job or the temporary prospects. Often the handicap can be a blessing in disguise in that it enforces a man to look about him and make the discovery that he can solve a world of little headaches by engaging in a proposition or project that appears at a distance as one big headache but ultimately provides him with the revenue to hire others to get the work done.

If it be a mere mortgage or car payment that debavils him, relief sometimes offers from having the courage to reconsider the predicament from scratch. What basic changes can he make in his whole scheme of living that lifts the bugbear of that tumultuous calendar-date off his poise and his consciousness?

The point of it all to remember, in passing judgment on any fellow-human, is that the male individual without some sort of financial strain afflicting him is practically a nonentity.

The one outstanding heroism of all commonalty of life is the fact that so many men carry their economic burden so gracefully.

For they have it and you're hoodwinking yourself more than you're hoodwinking the neighbor if you think they haven't.



PERHAPS fifty men out of every hundred—assuming they're married and have offspring—feel the perpetual neck-button-pressure from some basic incompatibility with their domestic sugar plums. The "little woman" has some quaint feminine idiosyncrasy that unerringly causes her to "blow up" when it manifests. Understand, she doesn't require classification as a "nagger". The man married to a consort and comfort who assiduously nags at him over this or that fault, usually comes to a climactic fisticuffs with her and one or both become a divorce-court statistic. A whole book might be written over why a certain type of married woman nags.

Basically she's in a state of constitutional resentment that she ever made a compact with so nondescript a male. Ideologically she wants out, but maternal obligations, or religion, or improbability of a satisfying income, forever prevents her from striking for freedom . . . or even alteration. She compensates herself by making the offending male partner as uncomfortable as she can. If *she* can't be otherwise. She doesn't have an idea in her head that continually harping on a man's short-comings will transport him into some different sort of character than he is, but at least she does feel compensated in her own esteem. Particularly if, during her married tenure, she's saved her spouse from some special variety of folly it increases her suspicion that of the two she has superior brains. And with a certain type of woman, this is the man's supreme *faux pas*. The quicker she discovers he has less intellect than herself, the sooner her own inherent misery is to start. Someone has sold her in earlier years that a man ought always to have the superior mentality, otherwise of course she has married "beneath her." She says she wants to "look up to him." What she really means is, she wants perpetually to feel there is a reservoir of male acumen that may be drawn upon for domestic crises and being manifestly cheated on it she demands compensation.

Then there's the type of wife who *does* have more brains than the poor plodding specimen she wedded and wants to readjust the world by keeping him reminded of it whether he understands the cause

for her pet or not. The collar-button of marital unhappiness pressing continually into the husband's neck is precisely what form her next criticism is to take? "What have I *done*?" is about the most poignant demand that married man can put to woman. Man considers his behavior should accord with her mood. Having such moods is her prerogative as a female. If her man rise and criticize them, then he is "suppressing her personality."

That, of all connubial crimes, is the most unforgivable.

HERE and there in life's crowd you can't fail to encounter the pathetic wretch whose collar-button pressure is memory of some indiscreet or even criminal thing he's committed back in days of irresponsibility but the remorse from which he finds inescapable. What such a man needs is sound understanding of the laws and rules surrounding karma and compensation. Men have been known to suffer all their days, "brooding" over some indiscretion or momentary carelessness that costs them peace of mind for all their years thereafter. A sound esoteric enlightenment of how the Higher Laws and Processes operate often serve to release the poor victim of Conscience. Again the man suffering—or making himself suffer—for something "I never meant to do" is torturing himself needlessly. God he will find eventually, only judges a soul upon the basis of Intent. Things that happen by seeming accident carry small lasting penalty into the Hereafter. Such is the attestment coming down from every cosmic source tapped by psychical research.

Another thing to remember in such connection is, that God doesn't judge man *till the end of his days!* That is, assuming He judges Him at all. What more accurately happens, all evidence considered, is that God Himself is more compassionate even than Christ; what He alternately arranges is a set of circumstances where the bewildered victim of such dilemma has repeat opportunity to pass through similar tension and chooses not to do the deed again, having learned of the retributions that unerringly follow error. Remember the religions of two-thirds of the

(Continued on Page 29)



“Never Shoot a Banker”

A Joe Buss Story

American Life at Its Funniest

BILL Pringle, he is sitting on my front steps this particular night and he says, “Joe,” such being my name, do not let it shatter you, Joe, but I am fixing to shoot a feller.”

I do not let it shatter me. It comes to me that he has probably dropped into Steve’s Place and had too many snifters before dropping past mine.

“Who are you fixing to shoot?” I says, smoking.

“I am fixing to shoot old man Richards,” Bill says, “of the First National Bank.”

This is news to me on account I have never known that Bill Pringle has any tiff against old man Richards. In fact I have never had it brought to my attention that he even knows old Richards from a hole in the ground.

“With a gun?” I want to know, blowing out some smoke.

“Dead,” Bill says, “as the thing they call a smelt.”

“What would that start,” I says, “besides his funeral and your hanging?”

“There has got to be a John Brown,” Bill says, with gestures.

“John Brown?” I says.

“The duffer,” Bill says, “they wrote the song about. When his remains was past post-mortems.”

“See here, Bill,” I says, “please inform me what is eating at your brains before you are beyond post-mortems yourself.”

“Joe,” Bill says, “the trouble with this country is the bankers. They got us into this mess in Twenty-Nine by monkeying with the discount rate. You know about the discount rate?” He seems to think I should. “It brought on a panic.”

“You are referring,” I says, “to the start of the Depression?”

“The panic,” Bill says, “changed to the Depression. Things have been going to hell ever since. You have probably noticed that.”

“But,” I says, “do you know old man Richards well enough to shoot him?”

“Bankers can be perfect strangers to you,” Bill says, “and you can still shoot them if you go about it right. Shoot a few bankers,” he says “and everybody will decide, now at last we are getting some place.”

“What place will they get,” I says, “after they have shot as many bankers as they can find?”

“Why,” Bill says, “they will demand a new system.”

“What kind?” I says. “If there is go-

ing to be an open season on bankers, I want to see clearly just how it helps.”

“A system,” Bill says, “where it is not possible for them to monkey with the discount rate.”

“You got such a system,” I says, “figured out?”

“There must be a better system,” Bill says, “because the old one is so cheesy.”

“And you aim to get the finding of it started,” I says, “by slamming slugs into whatever bankers you can locate?”

“I aim,” he says, “to bring bankers to public notice. When I have brought Phineas Richards to public notice, I shall probably drive over to Cary City and shoot the Honorable Zeb Smithers of the Cary City Trust Company. That will bring him to public notice too.”

“But it is *you* who will get brought to public notice,” I says. “You kill old man Richards, or the Honorable Zeb Smithers, and by the Lord Harry, they will both of them be dead!”

“People are dying every day,” Bill says, in a voice like Nathan Hale, or Napoleon, or Socrates, any of those historical dopes who were not upset by funerals. “John Brown did not stop to count the cost,” he says, “but he took a good smack at Harper’s Ferry on account he wanted colored people freed, and the Civil War



followed soon enough."

"You got a gun?" I says.

"I am on my way," he says, "to pick one up tonight. Maybe I will stop back and show you how it works."

I certainly do not like the way he mentions all these things, and wonder why is he ringing me into his general gripe at all. Perhaps he thinks I will help him out in the propaganda end, after they have hung him.

"Well," I says, "you better run along then and grab yourself some sleep. You probably have got a hard day ahead of you tomorrow, if you are going to shoot two bankers." You understand this is my way of getting rid of him, so I can use my sister Ruthie's phone and put old man Richards wise that Pringle has got him nominated to end the Depression.

"No," he says, "a couple more little stingers at Steve's will fix me up all right."

"Then buzz along and get them," I says, "before Steve's Place closes up."

WHEN Pringle has left, I gets inside to Ruthie's phone. I calls Mildred Turner, who works as Central, nights.

"Get me Banker Richards," I says to Mildred, worried-like.

"I wish," Mildred says, "you birds

would take time off for once to look up the numbers in the book."

"This is Emergency," I says. "Buzz old Richards good on account it is important."

"What is important about it?" Mildred wants to know.

"I have a tip," I says, "that Richards the banker is due to stop a flock of slugs."

"You mean slugs from a gun?" Mildred says, doubting me.

"Sweet woman," I says, "I can tell you they are not due to puncture him by Special Delivery mail."

"Whose gun," she says, "yours?"

I see I am getting into this shooting business, personal.

"Listen, Static," I says "you are paid to buzz numbers, not hold up mass murders by asking fool questions."

"But if you are not going to do it," she says, "how do you know such a shooting will happen?" I bet fifty telephone subscribers are trying to get their parties, same as I am, and Mildred is paying them no more attention than a congressman pays to wires to cut appropriations.

"Bill Pringle told me," I says. "He aims to do it. You know Bill Pringle?"

"Is he nuts?" she says. "You should have slammed him in a closet and phoned for the police."

"There are several things against that," I says. "First, Pringle is a martyr who feels a yen to mart. Second you do not slam martyrs in closets, sweet woman, because it spoils their act. Third, there are no such things as emergency calls on this city's phone system, on account you are old and gray before you get your party.

Too many Centrals try to argue you out of it."

I hear the plug go into her board at that, and pretty soon comes the voice of that Swede dame who works up to Richards. Hulda, I think her name is.

"Yah?" says this Hulda.

"I want to speak to Mr. Richards," I says.

"Whoozit?" she says.

"Nevermind whoozit," I says. "There is an educated goon in this place fixing to make a mess of your boss and he should know the hot details. I aim to tell him."

"Ah tank you play yoke," Hulda says.

"Your boss will be no joke," I says, "if you do not get him to this phone before ten o'clock tomorrow."

"Ten o'clock tomorrow," Hulda says, "boss bane go to bank."

"Listen," I says. "I am usually a patient man with Swedes especially female Swedes. But yoost now I bane have great strain in my brains to keep your boss from trouble on account he started the Depression."

"Now I know you yoke," Hulda says. "Depression yoost raise hell with him, like bellyache. He bane go to bed with it."

I cannot figure out whether old man Richards has gone to bed with Depression or something ailing his personal gizzard, but one thing is sure, this female Swede is wasting my time.



"Listen, Copenhagen," I says, such being my name for Swedes of both sexes when I am sore or practically getting so, "a nut is fixing to make your boss's gizzards look like a punchboard tomorrow and I am giving him the high-sign to-

(Continued on Page 32)

"Just Because They Were Tiny . . ."

People Are Better than They Are Often Portrayed; Take the Secret Ambition of this Auto Pick-Up



AN ELDERLY businessman motoring east from Kansas City picked up a hitch-hiker on a high-road in Missouri. The nondescript was perchance twenty-four. As the Hoosier reported it, their conversation ran something like this—

"Going east?"

"Yeah."

"Exactly where?"

"Make any difference?"

"Most people know where they're going—I mean they have some reason for reaching some particular place."

"Not in this day and age they ain't."

"What's this day and age to do with it?"

"Places are all alike, this day and age."

"You speak as though you'd traveled a lot."

"I've been to New Orleans—all the way from Kansas City."

"I can't imagine two cities less alike than New Orleans and Kansas City."

"They're no good, anyhow, either place."

"Just what left you with that impression?"

"I got gypped in a crap-game in KC and lost my suit case in New Orleans."

"So that condemns the cities as cities?"

"Naw, I don't suppose it condemns 'em as cities. But you can't go any place today you don't get gypped."

"Rather young, aren't you, to talk so cynically?"

"It's like the whole country. Everything going to hell . . . pick up any paper."

"You believe whatever you read in the papers?"

"If it's bad I do."

"Why?"

"'Cause everything's going to hell like I said."

"What's your trade?"

"I drive truck when I can get 'em to drive."

"Married?"

"Nope."

"Folks living?"

"My old man is. Ma died when I was eight."

"Any schooling?"

"Went as far as the sixth grade. Then they kicked me out."

"Kicked you out of the sixth grade?"

"Yeah. I happened to set fire to the school-house."

"You happened to set fire to it!"

"Yeah. I'd been eight years makin' six grades and got fed up on schoolin'. I built a good bonfire close to the buildin' one night and touched her off."

"What do you aim to make of your life?"

"I don't aim to make nothin' of it. Why should I make something of it?"

"You might find it a little more tolerable if you did. What are you heading east for?"

"To see if it's any better east—not that I expect it will be."

"You don't hold then that life is what you make it?"

"No. Why should I?"

"Did it ever occur to you to wonder why you happen to be alive?"

"Sure. My old lady had a Little Accident and I was it."

"What's your church? I mean, what faith were you raised in?"

"People don't have any faith down where I come from. They just figger to make a livin' and that's all."

"Ever been in trouble? Serious trouble? Jail or anything?"

"Sure. A KC judge gimme sixty days once for smacking a car with my gravel truck."

"That all?"

"Believe me, Mister, by the tenth day that was plenty."

"If you had the money to do just one thing in life, what would it be? There must be something you'd like to do better than anything else."

"That'd depend on how much it was."

"Well, let's say ten thousand dollars."

"Who'd ever give me ten thousand dollars?"

"For one person, I might . . . if I were giving it to someone who'd put it to good purpose."

"I thought there was a catch in it."

"What would you do with ten thousand dollars?"

"I dunno. Get drunk, I guess. Get drunk and stay drunk."

"So you haven't any higher aim than getting drunk and staying drunk!"

"When you're real drunk you don't know nuthin'. Anyhow, it takes you out o' yourself."

"Sure you want to be taken out of yourself!"

"Sure. Who doesn't?"

"I certainly don't."

"You prob'ly got folks and a wad and everything. Me, all I got is the shirt I'm wearin'."

"Obviously, of course, you're not worth any more."

"Sure of that, are you?"

"I seem to have your word for it."

"Mister, I don't get you."

The motorist smiled paternally.

"Ahead in an Indianapolis bank I've got ten thousand dollars. I went West to set a Santa Barbara nephew up in business—my only living relative. When I got out to California I learned he'd been killed in World War II and I'd never

(Continued on Page 28)



THE BIGGEST AT THIS M



THE BIGGEST victory America has to face at the current moment is the triumph of her citizenry *mentally* over the gargantuan growth of the country itself.

We are no longer a provincial, isolated people. On the other hand it is a dangerous thing to preach that we as a vast Republic are members of a world community. *We are nothing of the sort.*

We are no more members of a world community than some mediocre small town back in the hinterland is a "member" of the community of the State of its location. A community correctly speaking, is a league of property owners having civic and social interests in common. The globe is not a league of property owners having interests in common excepting those of biologic humanity.

The globe is a spherical territory where the real estate is apportioned to some hundred-odd assorted racials, each made dis-

tinctive by basic racial and religious demarkations—and it can never be otherwise until races are understood for what they are: *Gradations of ethical intelligence, each serving masses of souls within a given octave of historical experience.*

This actually is the fundamental reason why there can never be a single global governmental established. Some people have had older and deeper historical experience than others. They must rightfully resent political direction by ethical fledglings.

ST VICTORY AMERICA HAS TO FACE MOMENT IN CURRENT HISTORY . .

We should keep this basalt truth in the forefront of our thinking. In event that we shouldn't, racial realities will quickly correct us.

THERE are, in addition, big countries and little countries.

The biggest is Soviet Russia with 8,524,750 square miles and 216,000,000 population. It is the most backward and poverty-stricken despite its stupendous natural wealth. The smallest is Israeli

with only 1908 square miles and yet with 1,717,000 population, probably the greatest number of people to the square mile of any district on earth, only equalled by Manhattan. Paradoxically it is also the earth's youngest State, considered by corporate establishment. It was well nigh created by United Nations' mandate, although its excessive population came from Nazi persecution.

The second biggest in point of area is Brazil in South America with 3,288,050 square miles and 57,266,000 population. The overall biggest in point of population is China, with 3,760,330 square miles and 601,912,371 population. India, about an eighth of Russia in size has 377,000,000 population on 3,221,880 square miles.

The Continental United States, with a land area of 3,022,387 square miles has a population of 165,248,000, one third the population of India on approximately the same terrestrial area.

Yet the United States leads the world in wealth per capita.

The United States leads the world as well in average citizen intelligence, in citizen freedom under civil government, in facility of transportation, in highest personal standards of everyday living, creature comforts, and religious and social culture.

It is the most self-sufficient country on the globe's surface and so clever in production of annual wealth that it expends \$4.2 billions a year out of its resources helping backward peoples all over the earth.

The average man comprehends none of this.

Getting him to comprehend it is going to be his major victory as an individual in mortality.

THE REASON America is the wealthiest and most self-sufficient country on the globe's face is because it is predominantly Caucasian White, the race whose explorative and leadership achievements have gone furthest back in historical experience. It is a background to feel thrilled about. Moreover, 99 out of every 100 of its citizens is a decent, law-abiding, reasonably industrious, and generally pacific community member with a reasonably working faith in God and confidence in the integrity of his fellowman. The hundredth citizen is a social misfit, due to personal conditions beyond him to cope with, but over whom the professional moralists make such a sputterfuss that they discolor the whole canvas of American integrity.

The second biggest victory in store for the American in the fraught decade he faces is recasting his sense of values to grasp the real picture of the national life as it is.

It's the wealthiest country on earth, the decentest country on earth, and well-nigh the model country for all other nations to copy on—if they had the sense. But that again means calling up the Intelligence Quotient. There are four continents of nations lacking the IQ to copy America and thus enjoy the earthly existence that Americans enjoy.

They can't be blamed for that. They haven't been conscious long enough in

Cosmos as experiencing souls. What their limited intelligence and lack of historical experience makes them want to do is either borrow money from America to make up what they lack the initiative to create for themselves, or assail her and destroy her because she holds up a mirror to them of their own racial adolescence.

Should Americans let them? She spends 36 billions a year on armament to make certain they don't try it.

IT'S a healthy, wholesome, and normal picture of American life that the average American now needs drawn—to make him overlook that 1 percent of social screwballs who push the 99 percent of praiseworthy citizens off the front page and magnify the shennigans of the aberrant fragment into the alarm that the populace lock stock, and barrel is headed for hell in a hack.

The greatest service that can be done the whole citizenry right now is making a Bronx-cheer sound with the lips at the crowd that can't take a little adversity now and then and has to have a law passed so the police get to handle 'em, while at the same time giving a wholesome



throaty cheer for the average man and his family who's doing the best he can under a general situation that repeatedly gets too big for him but who doesn't run amok but sits down with his eyes squinted and

figures out a way to beat the difficulty as a matter of challenge.

No, the United States as a nation isn't a provincial or isolated "New World" any longer. It's getting to become a decided Old World of knocks and bruises and inspirations and heroisms. But that's what it's here for, and why it's peoples are in it.

The whole world picture has shifted in the last 49 years. Over Here on this side of the Atlantic is the place to be born, and live, and develop, and marry, and work, and raise up progeny in the way they should go . . . or wham the daylights out of 'em while they're young enough to profit from it, . . . and accumulate a fortune, and enjoy it, and enjoy everything the community has to supply, and die and be buried in a respectable cemetery with the gravestone paid for over one's remains.

Trouble with most Americans is they can't see the forest of the decency and neighborliness of their fellows for the trees. The whole century has speeded up into the jet-engine class but they haven't adjusted their brains to keep pace with it. That will come in time.

And that's another blessing for which Americans can be grateful—that they've got what it takes to adjust as they grow into it . . . or at least their youngsters after 'em.

We've got a big country, growing bigger. We're living at a fast pace and it's getting faster. Periodically the average American takes his family car to the garage and has it overhauled and greased.

That's all that Mr. Average American must get into the habit of doing with himself. He too needs a periodic overhaul and grease-job.

Spiritual things follow when he's got his intelligence working smoothly.

Meanwhile he does face the challenge of keeping abreast mentally with the nation's growth and progress. If he can do that, if he can consider it in its immensity as a unit and keep it intact in his thinking as against all the other civic units in the international ensemble, he can dictate his own destiny.

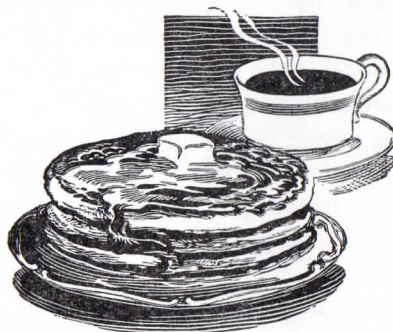
Americanism truly is discerning our status in the lineup of nations. It will be a true victory when Joe Doaks really grasps it.

Fine Things that Everyday People Do

The Case of the Jim Bonners

HOLD that a realistic novel surpassing yesterday's *Main Street* might be written about the Bonner couple, up in our town of L----- in northern New England. But it was what Jim Bonner did personally that, as the saying has it, "restored the town's faith" in everyday human nature. Jim and Nell Bonner's family troubles are happily long since over but it was the way those troubles ended that preached the lesson the town itself needed.

You might have passed either Jim or Nell on the street of a workday afternoon and scarcely raised an eyebrow at either of them. Jim was a big hulk of a chap in his early Thirties who held some sort of a job in the local power station when the townsfolk scowled over the news of his marriage to Nell. She had been waitress ever since high school at Tom Mason's All-Night Lunch, down by the station in the years when "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" was considered snappy literature or film material.



Because Nell herself was very much a blonde and, without being unkind to her, a somewhat brassy one at that. She would flirt and wisecrack with just about anything that came into the place wearing male attire and while no one could ever point truthfully to any lapse of virtue on her part before her marriage to Jim, she was what our typical New England

city knew as "a hot number."

Why she should suddenly marry Jim Bonner puzzled a lot of us. He certainly was no ladies' man and no outstanding display of courtship had prefaced the ceremony. He had come down off his father's farm to the north of our community, gotten a room with some people named Haynes, earned his thirty dollars or more a week at the Power Station, and probably saved his money reasonably well. Anyhow, after the Methodist pastor had made them one they took a small tenement down on Tipton Street and began to fight their battles.

And they fought them.

JIM as I say was big, lumbering, easy going but industrious. Town talk soon had it that Nell was "riding him to death." Seth Whitcomb made the remark at the railroad station one night that he had it direct from Jim that the latter had proposed to Nell one night when he beheld how her feet seemed to hurt her after a day of waiting on trade. She had accepted him out of the desire to end the eternal question to patrons, "Whatja gonna have?" But that Nellie was anything but "easy to live with" quickly became apparent to all. She seemed to be one of those women with a tendency to end domestic altercations by reaching for the first thing breakable and "letting Jim have it." A heavy crockery pitcher had come through a front window of the Bonner place one noontime while old Pat Wisher was passing and flying glass cut Pat's forearm. Jim had quickly given him five dollars to forget the incident. "The Missus just lost her temper for the moment," was the husband's only explanation. This happened only two months after marriage.

Well, things went from bad to worse and the sharp-tongued women of the

town began saying nasty things about the Bonners when it became noised about only seven to eight months after the ceremony Nell had been delivered of a spanking baby son. But Jim didn't seem properly elated at becoming a father. The affairs of the Bonners' began really to engage the town. First, was the boy actually Jim's? Second, if it hadn't been, whatever had possessed big easy going Bonner to "save" the lady's reputation? There had been a hundred girls in the place who wouldn't necessarily have passed him by, had they known he actually had been ripe for matrimony. Then a "city slicker" named Pratt, salesman for a cement company down-valley, laughing boasted one night of his intimacies with "Dummy Bonner's woman" preceding her marriage and the secret was out.

Yet it wasn't Jim who left Nellie ultimately. It was Nell who "left" Jim. They had a fine fight over something or other one morning and when Jim came home from the power station that night, he found his wife gone and the new baby with her. Yet he "pushed in the face" of a fellow named Royce who tried to console him that his wife was "no good."

NELL got her old job back after a time in the lunchroom and raised the boy for the first seven years as best she could, the two of them boarding with a widow named Hartley. And when the lad's eighth birthday came around one of the men in Nellie's life presented the lad with a pair of new rubber boots. Two days later about four in the afternoon a small frightened kid came into Mason's Lunch and disclosed to the mother, "Tommy fell in the wat-ah."

To the consternation of the place, small Thomas had proceeded to try out the new birthday boots by going wading down along the swiftly flowing Passowick River. An inadvertent step and he had fallen in the stream beyond his depth. Word flew around and by six o'clock the whole town was out, searching the banks of the stream for the child who all too evidently had been drowned.

The Passowick had a savage current and the boy must have long since been swept far southward beyond the town limits. Nevertheless the search went on till

late evening—with no results. At one in the morning I left my own office after a momentous evening at my business and drove southward along the fateful river to reach my own home. At the point of bank-land called The Bend, I came on a man named Quigley intently watching one solitary light moving down the opposite shore. I applied my car-brakes and stopped abreast of him.

"They found the Bonner kid yet?" I called to Quig.

"Naw," he said sadly, "but get a load of that." He pointed toward the flickering light across the swift rocky current. "Know what that light is? It's Jim Bonner's lantern. Him and Nellie won't give the search up. He must think a lot o' her, nevermind how she's used him. He's over there, still hunting the other man's kid with her, after the town's given up. You know, I call that pretty swell o' Jim. You see, I heard it perty straight that he'd been the one who'd given the boy the boots."

COVE by cove, boulder by boulder, the man and woman hunted for the little drowned boy's body all night. God only knows what they said to each other as they worked their ways point by point down the crooked New Hampshire stream. Then along toward daylight, they come on the battered little corpse face downward near the sluiceway to the saw-mill. It was Bill who toted it back to town, Nell stumbling along beside him carrying the lantern.

The night of the funeral, Jim and Nell resumed living together. But she was never brassy and a hot number after that. Today she's a respected married woman with three other grown children—Jim's. Only us older residents recall the episode that changed her. As Lem Quigley said to me the night we stood there on The Bend watching the blinking lantern-light gleaming across the dark, "You know, it sort o' restores your faith in human natcher, don't it, that there's men like Jim Bonner. They're big enough to forgive and forget when Big Trouble hits somebody terribly."

To which all Americans only add, "Amen!"

J. K. B.

Disparaging the Old

(Continued from Page 14)

to your dad? I'd get my brains knocked out if I did that!" is unwittingly paying tribute to the character of an elderly individual whom he only knows by indirection. To be respected you've got to command respect by your deportment and temperament. It isn't the children who are at fault in the current impasse of behavior and respect for elders. It's those elders themselves. They've let themselves become brainwashed in futility by alien mentors artfully aiming for a result and the offspring have it demonstrated.

"Oh, so Kiskanhelas has gone, has he? Wonder what the old lady's weepy about, that he could have said to her? Probably wondering what's the use of going on for one day longer, I suppose. Well, that is the effect he expected to work from the start. Turn enough Kiskanhelas loose on society and Americans become a mere herd of brainwashed nonentities. The real enigma, of course, is the odd gratification Kiskanhelas gets from it for himself. He'll only stay alive twenty to thirty years at the most, then he'll leave the whole earth-scene behind him. None of it will stack up of the slightest consequence. Some folks, however, do like to go through earthlife leaving a wake of rubble behind them. It's their second-rate way of demonstrating they've figured in life at all."

A FAMOUS eastern reporter got a job on a San Francisco newspaper. He was assigned to the story of what a visiting Alaskan miner had to say about the city's tallest building, recently completed.

"This is awful!" roared the city editor. "Couldn't the old galoot say more about the structure than 'allowin' it was pretty tall?" Didn't you tell him it was four hundred ten feet from the pavement to the top of the tower?"

"I reminded him of it but it made small impression. You see, boss, for the last fourteen years he's been living in a cabin against the foot of a cliff six thousand feet high."

"Just because They Were Tiny"

(Continued from Page 23)

learned of it. Coming home I got to thinking the best thing I could do with the money, seeing I've got no relatives and a heart that may take me off any minute, would be to turn it over to the first likely youngster about my nephew's age who showed me he had the stuff in him to make good on it. Now do you get me?"

"You on the level?"

"Now you have me puzzled."

"I mean, old squares like you don't go drivin' 'round the country lookin' for bums to give ten thousand smackers."

"I don't intend to give it to any bums."

"But you'd prob'ly call me one if I told you I'd lied to you."

"Lied to me how?"

"When I said if I had ten grand I'd get soused and stay soused."

"You mean you wouldn't?"

"I'll say I wouldn't."

"What would you do?"

"I don't give a ding whether you believe me or not, that's the funny part of it. But believe me I wouldn't. Get soused, I mean."

"I asked you what you'd do with it—ten thousand dollars?"

"You promise not to laugh?"

"Laughing is the last thing in the world I feel like doing at the moment."

"Well, since you made a clean breast how it is with you, I'd take a cupple thousand o' that ten grand and invent me an electric fan."

"Invent you an electric fan! What in the world do you want with an electric fan?"

"For auto windshields. To save the life of bugs."

"Are you nuts as well as being worthless, young man?"

"Well, I often got thinking while driving my truck. There's gnats get crushed against your windshield as you drive along. What they done to deserve it? They're minding their own business, behavin' and all that. Suddenly out o' nowhere comes a

contraption called a motorcar. They didn't invent it, and didn't have nothing to say about getting in the way of it. Suddenly *wham!* they're pasted against its windshield, just a daub o' goo. I've often thought, why could a sort of fan be invented to blow against the *frontside* of windshields and save them un-offendin' gnats from such collisions? 'Course it would save the motorist from havin' an always-messed-up windshield, but it's really the bugs I'm thinkin' about. The principle of the thing. I been pushed around and blamed for a lot o' things in my time, but I ain't never been killed yet because somethin' hit me I couldn't see. I guess, Mister, all of us got a soft spot in us somewheres, no matter if the world and the country *are* goin' to hell. I got a soft spot for all them helpless bugs bein' killed against windshields when they ain't done nothin' to deserve it. I know I could invent a fan that'd simply blow 'em aside so they'd never hit plateglass and become just a smudge when they never done a blessed thing to deserve it."

"Well I'll be darned! So you *have* got something to you in the way of the humanities! But I suppose one hundred per cent of people have too—in the last analysis. Maybe it's the divinity in them."

"You get my point about the bugs?"

"Sure, I get it. You just ride through to Indianapolis with me and let me think this over. Maybe the best part of your idea is a strong cross-draft blowing over the windshield's *outer* side. It might even keep off rain or snow better than these unsightly swinging wipers."

"Okay, Mister, but it's the bugs losin' their lives I'm thinking about. They don't deserve bein' killed when they ain't done nothin'."

The Hoosier drove the next ten miles in deepest thought indeed. A hill-billy hitch-hiker, loveless, cynical, believing the world going to hell in a hack, yet he felt for the insects that swooped against the plateglass of his vehicle and were destroyed. Just because they were tiny.

Just what would be the real reaction on this boy's "divinity" when he came to learn that the ten thousand dollars had been derived from dividends on stocks in the Indiana Insecticide Company, Incorporated, "Makers of Sprayers that Kill Everything that Crawls or Flies?" . . .

What, as he suggested, had they done to deserve it?

Best He Can

(Continued from Page 12)

They found themselves in this world at some time on an old calendar. If they didn't conform to conditions distinguishing it, they proceeded to suffer loss. But that hasn't been all there was to it. If they did conform, and were civil, and acquiescent, and reasonably industrious they likewise confronted *gain*. It was like what the clerics said about existence after Death. You only encountered cremation—perpetual or otherwise—as you were perverse and cantankerous and bellicose and negative.

The average human being accepts this in the long run and proceeds to live a whole career of Gain. In fact, the prospect of Gain gets such a hold on him as he proceeds through mortality that he gives his whole substance to it. And when he really stops to give it thought somewhere along the ruck of it, he discerns he hasn't done so badly by himself at that. Certainly there have been malefactors, and "stinkers", and near-psychopaths, and social misfits encountered by the law of averages. But actually they've been in a pretty apparent minority. The average minority he's found going the way upward with him has been just as earnest,

and sporting, and ambitious, and sensitive as he's been himself. Why make such a perpetual fuss about the odd stick who hasn't been successful at conforming? Sure he makes the newspaper headlines more prominently but who cares so much for newspaper headlines? Newspaper headlines are uniformly *loss*—unless you be running for political office and don't care how many times you get your name printed just so long as they spell it correctly and emphasize what office you aspire to mooch in.

All in all, the reasonably rational mortal has his moments when he wishes that a large dish of deep custard pie flavored

with arsenic could be bashed upside down on the pate of the stirrer-upper who's all the time caterwauling how "terrible" things are getting, what a crowd of atrocious miscreants the opposing candidates are, what awful things are due to emerge from this or that—whether it be last evening's speech in the Senate or Strauss' latest maneuver to perfect the atom bomb. Nine out of ten such things don't emerge actually at all. Nevertheless, life has to have its quota of temperaments getting through the world as they can on the philosophy "If somethin' ain't wrong, 'tain't right!"

Mightn't it be a welcome thing to turn about just for the novelty of it if nothing else, and begin to list and estimate the numbers of things in day-to-day life that are preponderantly wholesome and constructive and ennobling and praiseworthy? Because they really are preponderant. If they weren't preponderant, the average man's life would be a total loss from the cradle to the grave. And who cares to claim that?

We *do* improve the quality of our intelligence and become bigger men and women spiritually, no matter in what kind of environment our lives are ordered. None of which is any professional optimism. It just happens to be *fact*.

The real trouble with most human beings seems to be that the world to which they've come is accelerating in tempo and detail faster than they can keep track of it. So what they don't encompass or comprehend must of itself be evil. Who said so?

Suppose we explore such general theme to world's-end conclusion . .

Being Needed

(Continued from Page 18)

business job just for the money she might make every week? Does her man *need* her? Is she supplying him with a certain vague something that no other woman could? So long as her intuitions reply in an affirmative, there is Happiness in that household.

THE HUNGER for Being Needed! . .
truly it lies at the bottom of every

real woman's pact, it being after the divine nature of Woman to translate that yearning into Love. Pitifully enough, where it fails to exist, the marriage invariably runs a-ground.

Women have married "handsome" men and lived to loathe the very features they imagined they'd first admired. They have married men of sizable earning capacity only to discover themselves wedded to human calculating machines. They have married men because those men told them only verbally their lives would be empty and barren without them. Times out of hand it seems to be evident that a woman will marry a given man—perchance half a dozen different men in legal and lawful turn—just to gain for their own characters the increments of intimate association with them. But no woman ever married a man with the presentiment in her heart that she had a great and sacred camaraderie to work out in concert with him, that a tender happiness hasn't suffused every moment of her connubial experience with him. Even individual temperament falls into second place beside this subconscious realization that they may have been fated before entering life at all to thus work in tandem. It might be a hectic working out. Nevertheless it has a strange, indefatigable *endurance* to it.

And a normal and healthy girl will bend to the obligations of such a pact with a song in her heart.

Pity the woman who never finds it. She may know all the yearnings for it but this may be one life-experience where she is fated to hold it only as an ideal in her feminine philosophy. Let such a one accept this as a fact of life, and rationalize it sensibly.

From time immemorial the truly happy woman has been the one who shared, however unwittingly, her husband's Inner Life.

Someday a great psychologist may arise whose profound researches into the Etheric shall make such enigmas clear to every intellect. Yet even so, it is doubtful whether such tandems could be arranged with deliberation.

The average woman *wants to help!* She wants to *help* with all the womanhood that's in her to give it. After all, it's a beautiful world where such relations are

not only possible but apparent.

It could be infinitely, *infinitely* worse—suppose we don't forget it.

Collar Button

(Continued from Page 20)

persons in the world sustain and espouse the possibility that every living person has more than one "go" at mortality. The wail so frequently heard, "Oh, if I only had my life to live over again!" may hold more possibilities than the orthodox suspect. But that's getting into metaphysics of an order. The real point is, that thousands of addled and even pitiable humans may have committed some tragic indiscretion and then lived blameless lives well nigh in consequence. What if *that* was the very reason that they did commit such tragic indiscretion? Only that which hurts, educates. All of us may be going through this world purposely to be educated in the great moral verities. The reason the world seems to hold so much hurt is because of the enormity of the education being consummated . .

Considering all of it, one thing is certain: Looking squarely at the nature of one's personal collar-button, concentrating the constructive mind upon it after identifying it, is Step Number One in inviting relief to come to one. Have you the sheer *courage* to identify your own collar-button hurt and ponder the remedy? Because if you find you have, you're on the *way* to remedy.

Remember, it takes brains no less than character to analyze one's problem and hunt the corrective solution. You may be in a position to appraise your own I. O. by the acumen you bring to bear on the cause of that tormenting ache forever with you. But never overlook the fact that *having* it is as common to your species as having hands or feet.

Fenelon put it thusly—

"Never let us be discouraged with ourselves. It is not when we are conscious of our faults that we are the most wicked. On the contrary, we are less so. We see by a brighter light; and let us remember for our consolation *that we never perceive our sins until we begin to cure them!*"

What Most Invites a Woman to Do Her Best?

PEOPLE make a lot of fun about the great American weakness for "keeping up with the Joneses." What do they mean, "Keeping Up with the Joneses?"

I don't think it necessarily means enjoying all the modern things that one's neighbors acquire just for the sake of possessing them. Furthermore, I don't think it's entirely vanity, trying to show that one has just as much ability to get the good things of life as any other person who happens to be a resident of a given community.

I think the average normal person aspires to "hold up his end" for a spiritual reason that goes much deeper than bombastic affluence. If the truth could really be known, I think we know more or less in advance what our earthly plans of living are supposed to comprise and we've entered upon them in a sort of challenge to our characters, whether they contain the stuff we'd like to think they do and that we haven't overestimated our capabilities in the heroic gesture of merely tackling Life at all.

I RATHER fancy embracing this philosophy that Life is a self-election to a great curriculum of enlightening experiences that develop strength and stamina in us and make us bigger souls generally when we come to quit it than we were when we entered it. It puts a fine constructive purpose behind the mortal endurance of sixty to seventy years.

At any rate, it doesn't do us a wink of harm to look at the earthly span in such light. We know we actually *do* end any given life knowing a whole lot more than when we started it, and not all mere worldly experiences, either. It's ourselves as sensitive, reasoning, discerning human

souls that have profited from what we've found ourselves going through, and there is not a lick of sense in denying that such deepened character doesn't last throughout all the time we ever possess the miracle of self-identifying consciousness..

Particularly is this so in regard to women.

WOMAN'S profit out of the mortal endurance seems to be a more intimate and personal one than man's. I mean her ministrations are conducted more on the person-to-person basis than those a man renders, to his family or to society. Woman, I might almost describe it, is more specific and *practical* than the man with whom she goes tandem through life.

Certainly when she feels the snugly warmth of her own first infant groping for nourishment at her mother-breast, the last thing in her mind is doing anything to keep up with the Joneses. Other women may birth ten thousand infants but this is her own personal miracle, her own personalized service to that incoming baby-soul and herself. It's a soul-to-soul service she proposes to render it. The man probably never lived who thought that way about it.

By the same token, as that baby gains in stature and strength as the weeks and months slip past, keeping up with the Joneses is no part and parcel of the small wants she fills, the small discomforts she adjusts, the small wails she responds to as her older acumen provides what is lacking. Always and forever she has done something *fiercely personal* in gestating the small vehicle that will presently grow to self-reliant maturity.

The question can be academically propounded, What Encourages a Woman To Do Her Best? . . . the most logical answer, Show her that only She and none other can render a specific service that the

new life is demanding. That is the great election to honor that constitutes the most sacrosanct part of Mother-Life. Like the position she is holding in respect to a faithful husband, she wants to think of herself as serenely indispensable in the role she's affecting. She responds automatically and with a fervor well nigh ecstatic. Take this personalized and intimate relationship away from her and she quickly deteriorates, mentally, spiritually, and too often physically.

This fact ought to merit more significance than it does.

A MAN is encouraged to do his best either by possibility of financial returns or extraordinary plaudits of his fellow creatures. It only occurs to him subconsciously that by marrying and founding a home he has made himself economically indispensable to the community. Sure enough he may confront situations where his inability to provide his dependents with maximum creature comforts may distress him plenty but it lacks the direct personalized reaction of his wife, who does her best because of the direct personalized reaction of his wife, who does her best because of the direct com-



pensation to the people involved and not because it is "expected" of her as any community proposition. Conversely, she wants any remunerations accruing directly to herself as a human being, not necessarily that the community may know "prosperity" or that she may fill a proud position at the head of a column of bombastic statistics. It's this peculiar reaction of Woman to the material circumstances that enshrouds the individual wife and mother with a thicker and richer aura of sentiment than ordinarily is extended to the father. The odd thing about it is, that man doesn't mind his somewhat dispassionate and impersonal position. It isn't

that he feels aloof to those about him. He's just willing to uphold society as a Pillar, that Milady may strut her personal stuff on the platform atop it.

So if you want to encourage a woman to do her best, *make her feel sincerely that no one but herself can ever fulfill her particular role.* She'll rise to that from the splendid spirit of Compliance-to-Facts that God has made a feature of her distinctive femininity. The cynic may call her a more Fleshly Creature than her companion, maybe. But it isn't a question of cuticle-cells alone, or operating in them as any unique field. It's acknowledging the indispensibility of her soul-presence in the worldly scene to render minute and specialized acts as a person more than the more institutionalized service that is supplied by the male.

Woman, in other words, is the Great Servicer, and sees nothing menial in the assignment. *She does the thing to hand because it is to hand!* And because any phase of mortal life is intimate and personal to the party living it, affection is born for the servicer that is more than romance, more than gratitude. It is "emotional gratitude" or appreciation expressed emotionally.

No, the Joneses or how they are being kept up with, has not a lick to do with it. Proof of it lies in the fact demonstrated everywhere about us day unto day that some of the best-loved women are well nigh contemptuous of the Joneses.

"Appreciate me," cries Woman, "and you make me supremely happy."

And always remember that Appreciation is only the heart-coinage by which we settle our accounts when other assets to compensate for a kindness are non-available.

So many people love it because it enjoys so universal a circulation and no one ever goes truly bankrupt by expending it.

Does Romance Die?

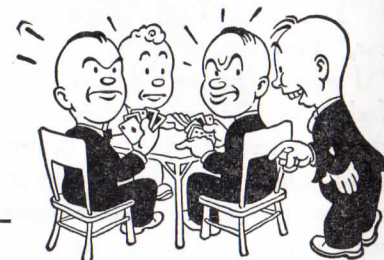
(Continued from Page 16)

Sweet Old Dear, because in your loyal affection you've been irreproachable. Any male can scoop up a chit with her heart in her sleeve for twenty minutes of excitement, but true affection considers

only the face marked by lines of affectionate concernment not necessarily the countenance where all lines are missing."

As one wise man expressed it, "Prettiness in a woman may make her attractive, but it's *beauty* I want to live with all my life."

Getting It Off the Chest . .



THREE Navy boys entered a snazzy cafe and upon looking about, discovered all seats taken excepting at a table for four at which an old lady was dining. So they asked her if they might share the table, to which she nodded assent.

Being young and full of pep, however, they felt that they had to "pull something" for effect on their companion. So one of them remarked, "Well, it's getting time for my monthly bath." From which the second took his cue, "I only bathe four times a year." The third was prompted to out do both. "You softies! I only bathe at Easter and Christmas."

The old lady may or may not have perceived it was for her benefit. At any rate, her ultimate contribution to the conversation was, "Would one of you stinkers mind passing me the salt?"

AMONG the youthful pastor's new parishioners was an elderly man slightly irresponsible mentally. Within a matter of days after ascending to the pastorate this eccentric old man died. The young man realized it was up to him to visit the widow as early as possible in case she required religious consolation.

Arriving at the bereaved home, he was taken into the front room where the lately departed lay in his casket ready for the funeral. The clergyman racked his brains for appropriate solace.

"This is very hard, Mrs. Brown," he said, standing beside her and looking down upon the body. "I know how difficult it is for you and I sympathize with

He meant that Beauty is what grows out of mere prettiness when sorrow and disappointment have taken their toll. The truly *beautiful* woman is rarely empty-hearted. Her silhouette may be stouter but so too is her worth.

you deeply. But remember, dear Mrs. Brown, what we see here is only the husk—the outer shell—as it were. The nut has gone to heaven."

AN EASTERN lady with a ball-bearing jaw arrived at a dude-ranch in Montana with her husband to spend the summer. It should have been a short summer but on account of that lady's propensity for tongue-wagging it was interminably long. She not only spread gossip but interfered with the management of the place and made herself an all-around nuisance.

Next summer the husband came back alone.

"Where's your wife?" the proprietor inquired.

"Dead," said the widower.

"No! Don't tell me!" Then a minute later, "mind telling me who shot her?"

LITTLE Willie, aged five, had been allowed to come to table while his parents were entertaining a visiting English Lord. It had been 'My Lord this,' and 'My Lord that' throughout the visit thus far, and Willie had been impressed.

Casually, however, during the call-out of his mother for an urgent phone message and while his father's attention was engaged with a servant, the British aristocrat helped himself to an *hors d'oeuvre* and had it masticated by the time his hostess returned. Willie leaned close to her. Excitedly he whispered—

"Ma, I gotta tell you. While you was out, God pinched a pickle!"

Never Shoot a Banker!

(Continued from Page 22)

night. If he has gone to his slumbers of repose with bellyache," I says, "have him come to this phone and I will tell him what will cure it."

"You bane hold telephone to your ear," Hulda says.

I wait for her to toddle off somewheres, feeling myself like Paul Revere warning the Middlesex farmers to be up and to arms. Only I have got no horse. I have not got even a chair to sit down on, my sister's telephone being one of those old-fashioned kind fastened to the wall. Pretty soon I hear footsteps.

"Mahitabel Richards!" says more female static. "What is wanted, please?"

"This is Joe Buss," I says, "of Buss's Garage or practically so. And I just happened to call up to tell Mr. Richards that a dope named Pringle is fixing to shoot him with a gun."

"Repeat that please!" Mahitabel says. You might think she is president of a temperance society and has been called names by the janitor who is crocked.

"I says, this is Joe Buss," I says, "and I called up to let your husband know that a bird named Pringle, who used to be in the ice business down on Cross Street, thinks it is open season on bankers on account they started the Depression. Pringle has figured it out that making you a widow," I says, "brings in the More Abundant Life."

"Where are you speaking from?" this dame wants to know.

She has me tangled up in my brains on account I am now really getting sore. "From my sister Ruthie's house," I says, "the one who got the divorce from the policeman. In the hallway. This telephone is on the wall of it."

"Who got *what* divorce from *which* policeman in *whose* hallway?" Mahitabel says, almost as twisted up as I am. Only I am sore and she is not.

"Listen!" I says. "Now get this straight and we will go over it all again. What I am trying to get across to you is, your personal husband is due to stop slugs between now and tomorrow, and you had better put him on ice *before* it happens,"

I says "instead of afterwards. Can words be plainer?"

"Do I understand," she says, "that you are threatening my husband?"

HAVE you ever wanted to squawk, and discovered that the carburetor on your squawker is flooded? What I mean is, have you ever felt like opening your mouth and letting noise come out at a dame, without bothering with no words?

"Madam," I says, "I am not threatening your husband, but if this goes on much longer I cannot say the same about other parties to the contract. Now take this slow and let every word sink in. I have got a tip from a dope named Pringle that *he* has ideas about whanging slugs into *your* meal-ticket, so that *you* will look nice in widow's weeds and other plants," I says. "Now are both of us agreed up to this point?"

No voice comes back for a minute and I feel she is trying to decide in what she calls her head whether to hang up, get snooty, or call the FBI. Finally she says, "But why should a man inform *you* ahead of time that he means to harm my husband?"

"Bill is funny that way," I says, glad she shows signs of dawning intelligence. "He wants to bring your husband to the attention of the country."

"Dead?" she says.

"Naturally," I says, "because in that shape he will show up best as propaganda. It should change the banking system."



"Who did you say was talking?" she says.

"I am Joe Buss," I says. "I run Buss's Garage. Maybe you have seen my signs around the country: *Invite Buss to Your Flat*. I fix tires or tow in wrecks."

"But why should anyone invite you to their apartment?" she says.

"Skip it," I says.

"Where do you live?" she wants to know next.

"With my sister Ruthie on Pine Street," I says, "next door to Bennett's Grocery. She divorced her husband who was a cop, and since then it is me who settles the bills."

"Have you ever tried to get a loan from my husband's bank," she says, "and been refused?"

"I have never had enough mazuma," I says, "to get mixed up with no banks."

"Has Mr. Pringle?" she says.

"If Bill gets any money," I says, "he has to pay it on back alimony, on account of which he is sour on dames and wants all bankers shot. What I mean is, he has a ball-and-chain that bosses him something sickening, so he kicks in her yammer and proceeds to scam. And when he gets tanked," I says, "he drops past my place nights and tells me about the discount rate."

"Well," she says, "suppose you stay right where you are, Mr. Buss, and I will call you back."

"What do you aim to call me back for?" I says.

"Stay right where you are, Mr. Buss," she says. "You will find out."

BUT I am not done with static yet.

My sister Ruthie comes into the hall, wiping the dishwater off all ten her manicures.

"Who was you talking to, Joe?" she says.

"Old man Richards' wife," I says. "Bill Pringle just left, claiming he means to shoot her male budget to call attention to the Depression."

"You mean," Ruthie says, "we have not had enough attention called to that without shooting somebody?"

"Bill does not seem to think so," I says. "I am trying my best to spoil it."

Ruthie thinks a minute. I can hear ev-

ery cogwheel turning in her head. "Joe," she says suddenly, "you must call the police. Call them right now, Joe. Get it off your conscience!"

"Get it off *my* conscience!" I says. "Sweet woman, I have not shot old man Richards, neither shall I do so."

"All the same," says Ruthie, "I just *know* they should be told. Yes, if you do not call them, Joseph, I shall see to it myself."

"Yes," I reminds her, "that is how you got married."

I should say right here that in addition to being a sort of female woman with the same parents as myself, Ruthie goes in for astrology, movies, intimate camera magazines, and calling police for everything from auto-bumpers kissing in the streets to blondes running off with other dames' husbands. She first gets acquainted with Butch Kettleborn, the flat-foot she ditches, by calling police one night when she hears noises beneath her bed. Butch is four years completing the report of what wasn't under it.

"All right," I says, "if it stops *you* from doing it. I should hate to see you marry the whole homicide squad," I says, "just because Bill has went batty in his brains."

"It is no time to wisecrack," Ruthie says, "when slaughter is rampant."

I do not know exactly what rampant means, but I turns to the telephone and calls Mildred again.

"Harken, Paul Revere," she says, when I tell her what I want, "Richards' Bad News has called Police herself. A squad car, I think, is on its way to pinch you."

"Pinch ME!" I yells. "For gawd's sake, what for?"

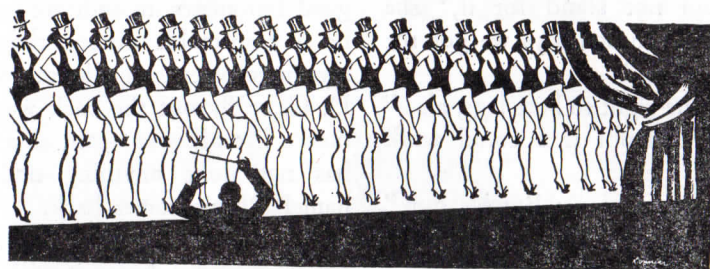
"Accessory to murder," Mildred says, "before the fact."

"But I did not murder anybody before the fact," I says. "I only wanted to wise her about Bill Pringle who wants to play John Brown. You know what I mean, Mildred, playing John Brown?"

"I do not have time for games," Mildred says, "but if I was you, I would ring off and scam."

"Scram *where*?" I says, finding my arm hooked over that wall-phone like a big rope of molasses taffy before they do it into kisses. But nobody is doing me into

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kisses, I can tell you that.

"Try Germany," Mildred says, "providing, of course, you can swim the blockade."

Well, I finally finds the place to hang the receiver. "They are coming out here to pinch *me*!" I says, to Ruthie.

"Pinch *you*!" Ruthie says, looking like

someone has kicked her in the chin. "They got no right to do that. You have not done nothing."

"Oh Lord," I says, "first the Depression hits the country, second a goon like Pringle gets me mobilized to fight a war that is none of my business."

"It must be the planetary influences,"

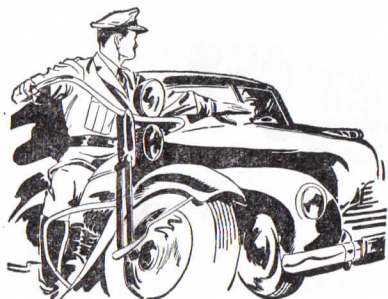
Ruthie says. "But Joe, you got the right to protect yourself. The Constitution says so."

"The Constitution is away off in Washington," I says, "while I am in this town, about to be pinched."

"You should not stand for it," she says. "The Constitution says we got the right to bear arms."

"And I got the right to bare legs, also," I says, "only I doubt if I could work 'em."

"I am going to get you Butch's gun," she says, "the one he left behind in the bureau."



IT is nice to have her go far, far away, even if she does stop as close as her bedroom. I get myself into the front room and sit upon the sofa. Can it be the same room, with the floor-lamp, and the fish-bowl between the windows, and the premium bookcase with the Child's Library of Knowledge in it, and the upright piano at the east end with the plaster bust of Daniel Webster on top of it, and the picture over Daniel's head of the angel guarding the little child from falling over the cliff?

You do not shoot up the city police because there is a misunderstanding about saving the lives of bankers. Or do you? The watery nature of my legs has my head swimming, if you get my idea. All the while I am keeping an ear peeled for the siren on that squad car. I have learned from Butch why coppers work that gadget. The crooks know what is coming, and join the bird-gang, and coppers do not get shot.

But I know what can happen. The coppers can hijack me down to Central Station, and fingerprint me, and mug me, and send the records to Washington, D. C. Then if anybody calls up and asks

am I a crook the FBI can say, certainly else why should we have his record right here in our drawer? They were bad minutes that I put in, waiting for that homicide squad to get there and fingerprint me. I am hot, I am cold. I need a good barometer to indicate me. Shall I be a respectable citizen though having my fingerprints on file in Washington, D. C. or fly out the back way and commence life all over again as a crook who has not done anything under another name? Ruthie comes back.

"Here it is," she says. "The cartridges are in it and I know it will work. Oh, Joe, you look the funniest green!"

"I may look green," I says, "but it is not funny. Neither is the way you are handling that rod!"

I take Butch's gat away from her, on account she might not be able to hit a barndoor but that does not let me out. But I do not feel mobilized a dime's worth. "I think," I says, "I will go outside and enjoy a short walk, seeing the wagon has not yet got here."

"And leave me," Ruthie screeches, "to bear the brunt of this alone?"

"But you have done nothing," I says.

"Neither have you," she says, "yet right at this minute you are a fugitive from justice."

She had me there. What both of us seem to need is a first-class mouthpiece, although I know from Pringle that lawyers are not so hot now that they got the Supreme Court packed and Congress has set up so many commissions it has to name them by playing anagrams. "Anyhow," I says, "I am not in jail yet."

"You will be," Ruthie says. "I was not the Law's wife four years for nothing."

Believe it or not, this is the minute when the raps come—*whack! whack! whack!*—upon the door. Then we hear silence. You know how silence can be, when you are expecting coppers to pinch you and they actually show up.

"Joe," Ruthie says, "remember the Constitution!"

Movies are coming to life for her, right there in her house, and she thinks it is swell.

I SHALL not forget how reddish the hall looked from the shade on the

lamp. Like blood. On the veranda outside is a Shape—just one Shape—and instead of a uniform-cap it wears a derby hat. Dicks wear derbies in the movies on account if they do not, nobody knows they are dicks. But they are not flat-topped derbies excepting in English detective stories, which I claim smell.

"Does a man live here," a Voice says, "by the name of Buss?"

All at once I am very sore at being shoved around by Pringles and Swedes and sisters and dicks. "Yes," I says, "and what is it to *anybody*?"

"You phoned my wife a while ago," he says. "Could I talk with you a moment?"

WELL, sir, I nearly shoot off Butch's rod from the let-down in my feelings. "You must be Richards," I says. "Come right in, though I am waiting for the squad car."

"No," he says. "I cancelled it."

A round-shouldered old chap walks inside past me who looks like Benjamin Franklin woke up too soon and most of him buttoned up twisted in his clothes. He has white hair pushing out from under the flat-topped derby hat, and a tired look to his eyes and his mouth. But if Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin walked into our front hall and started to talk Chinese with gestures, I would not be more surprised in my brains.

"I am certainly glad to hear it," I says. "This is my sister, Mrs. Kettleborn." I jerk a thumb toward Ruthie, whose mouth looks like a tunnel waiting to take in trains.

He bows to Ruthie and goes into the parlor, carrying the hat in his hands like a pot. I take it away from him and put it on the bench of the piano. He sits down in a rocker.

"You called my home a short time ago," he says, "to warn me, I believe, about an attack on my life. When Mahitabel told me, I came directly over."

"Yes," I says, "but your wife thought I was nuts."

"Naturally," he says, "the message would astound her. Now what is it all about?"

So I tell him about Pringle, and the Depression, and the Money Question, and

John Brown, and he just sits there with his tired look while Ruthie beats it upstairs to put on something snappy. When I have told All, he makes a face as though nobody loves him, which being a banker is probably the facts, and then he says, "Mr. Pringle's reactions are quite easily understood."

"You cannot mean," I says, "that the goon has doped it right?"

"Bankers, Mr. Buss," he says, "happen to be in a business that has its neck stuck out from New Year's to Christmas. People want scapegoats for troubles whose causes are beyond them. Bankers are to hand," he says, "a sort of Marines of Commerce, the first to fight and the first to fall."

"But the Money System," I reminds him.

"The Money System," he says, "is a lot like Matrimony, a man usually gets the kind that he deserves. He can blame the institution for his troubles, or set about doing what he can to change it."

"All the same," I says, "where does that leave Bill?"

"The Pringles," he says, "do not consider that they may have had the slightest hand in bringing our Money System to what it is, any more than they admit they have helped to bring the matrimonial system to what it is."

"Bill," I says, "is as sour on dames as he is on banks. He was married to a she-camel who led him by the ear. He could not call his soul his own."

"Of course," goes on Richards, "such men rarely grasp that the minute they want a different system, they can have it. And when they insist on a different system, they can get it. But shooting anybody will not bring in a different system, any more than shooting women brings a new deal in matrimony. Now it might surprise this Pringle if he knew that I had some ideas about improving our currency system myself."

I am sitting there staring at him, wondering whether to ask him about where John Brown fits into the discount rate, when Ruthie's front room gets action with a bang.

What I mean is *BANG!*

"Aha!" cries a voice. "So you consort with vipers from behind my back!"

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That is what it said, "consort" and "vipers" . .

BETWEEN the portieres is Pringle. And I can tell you he is stinko on account he has visited Steve's Place like he said, and he has a cannon in his hand that Buffalo Bill might have used to make Sitting Bull arise and jig.

"Bill!" I yells. "Put down that field-piece! You hear me, Bill Pringle? I tell you, *DROP IT!*"

He has probably come back, as he said he might, to explain about changing the Money System some more, but this time he means to do it with slugs right there in Ruthie's parlor. That rod is a funeral, without police escort, but one thing is certain: I do not want him to shoot old man Richards, who is quite a friendly person, and lonely, and has the misery inside him somewheres and his neck stuck out from New Year's to Christmas.

So I do things first, and plan them out afterwards. I have Butch's gun by my hand on the sofa. Bill, being stinko, gives me time to grab it up. I do not wish to hurt Bill Pringle, but Ruthie hears the rumpus and comes running down the stairs. When she sees the two of us with gats, it is so much like the movies that she lets out a squeal. Bill turns around. So I happen to take that moment to shoot him in the leg.

Bill's gun goes off, on account he is surprised, and his slug smacks the picture of the angel guarding the little child above the piano. The glass crashes down and it is the angel which needs help and not the brat in the nightshirt. I see this afterwards, on account Bill does not care about guns or the discount rate after putting that angels lights out. He grabs for his left knee.

He hugs it against his chest, and starts doing a one-legged dance over the west end of our parlor.

Of course he hits the floor-lamp and it whams over like a comet. That upsets the fish-bowl. The water makes one long *whoosh* as it spreads towards Banker Richards, who hoists his feet up high in the air while the bowl is busted in a great many pieces and starts little red fish jumping excitedly around the old man's chair.

Ruthie screams and Pringle bellows, and the glass front goes out of the bookcase by itself, though Ruthie swears afterwards that I fire a second shot, and finds the slug to prove it. It is in the Child's Library of Knowledge where it tells about giraffes. Banker Richards gets his feet down and makes a dive for the piano, yanking it out on account he wishes to get behind it. He skids badly on a jumping fish to do this, and pulls the piano so suddenly that it tilts Daniel Webster, who does a sudden head-dive onto the piano keys with a *pong* that sounds like both Daniel and the piano has given a painful groan. Then Daniel strikes the piano bench, knocks off one of his own ears and Banker Richards' hat, and finally lies quiet on the floor. Richards' hat is on top of his face as if he has gone to sleep.

But Bill Pringle has not gone to sleep. He is dancing and yowling, "I'm shot! I'M SHOT!"

Of course he is shot, but he does not need to make such an infernal noise about it. I have to get across and konk him. If I do say so myself, I make a neat job of it. He has had me pushed around by Swedes and police, but he does not need to come there and splosh up Ruthie's parlor. I let him have it, and his howling chin takes it. Next minute he is very quiet and I am hauling him onto the sofa. He does not mind me doing this. In fact it is several minutes before he minds anything at all.

And while he stays as quiet as Daniel beneath the hat, Ruthie grabs a water pitcher and goes down upon her knees. First off, she has to catch those jumping fish or probably they will die. She gets them into the pitcher, all but the one that Richards steps on. Something tells me that Webster, and Pringle, and that

fish, have quite a lot in common. It is one hell of a way to entertain a banker, if you ask for my opinion.

WE get Bill's pant-leg up and see that my slug has only creased his knee. Ruthie wets a towel from the pitcher where the fish are excited about these doings, and we wash up Bill's scratch and stop his bleeding with a slab of adhesive.

"My boy," Richards says to me, "you did fast work there, and I am grateful."

"Think nothing of it," I says. "Ruthie and me like folks to come in and see us, but we draw the line at rough stuff."

"I shall be glad to settle for this damage," he says.

"We shall make the goon settle," I says, "alimony or no alimony. When he wakes up he will struggle with the Money Question in a form that will bother him more than usual."

Bills quits wandering around in the summerland by the time we get the last of the glass swept up, and the carpet mopped, and the room set to rights. Old Richards helps us with the dust-pan, which according to Pringle should be nuts for a banker and makes the goon think he is still crocked or dreaming. Thank God he is sober.

"I am Phineas Richards," the banker says, holding out his hand. "I believe you are interested in monetary reform, somewhat like myself."

Bill sees the friendly smile on the banker's face, and hears it called monetary reform, and wonders is he in a dream from which he cannot wake up. "What happened?" he wants to know.

"You were about to shoot me," Richards says, "as an experiment in economics."

Bill sits up at that, and looks sick, and acts foolish, and wonders is he being spoofed before the cops come to jug him. When he finds out it is a real smile on Richards' face, and no squad car is coming to fingerprint him, he is at sea on a bigger octan than Ruthie has just mopped from her personal carpets. "You are not fixing to pinch me?" he says.

"I am far more interested," Richards says, "in knowing how a representative citizen wants the Money System fixed. Then I would like to take the recommen-

dations of a thousand such citizens before the National Bankers Association—see if we cannot get something started that is more satisfactory.”

It is nearly ten minutes before Bill recovers from gab like that. “The way the representative citizen wants the Money System fixed,” he says, “is to be able to get his hands on more cash than he has got. Which is practically none at all, as you know.”

Richards sits down in the chair which no longer has jumping fishes around it and we commence talking about money, and banks, and currency reform, and the discount rate, till I am somewhat in the shape of the angel over the piano. That is to say, my brains are shot to hell.

“How much have you made, Mr. Pringle,” says Richards, “since your ice business cracked?”

“I have not made a thousand bucks,” Bill says.

“Which means,” Bill says, “that you are something like twenty-one thousand dollars ahead of me. I have kissed twenty thousand dollars good bye in the same length of time,” he says. “So if you have made a thousand dollars you are twenty-one thousand dollars above what I am in the hole.”

“But you have got a bank,” Bill says. “Furthermore, the thousand bucks which I got was government relief.”

“I have got a building!” Richards says. “And there is a lot of glass partitions and desks in the front of it, and there is a couple vaults with ledgers in the back of it. And in the ledgers are figures which show how much of their money folks have left with me, to invest for them if possible and make a little profit.”

“That does me no good,” Bill says.

“On the contrary,” Richards says, “it has done you good. A thousand dollars’ worth, by your own admission. Because when there were no more profitable places where I can invest people’s money, I put it into government bonds. And the government takes the proceeds and pays a thousand dollars to you, to live on till times get better. Now suppose that you, and Joseph Buss, and Mrs. Kettleborn, and I, sit right here till we hatch up a better scheme for getting the gift of a cool thousand dollars of depositors’

money into your hands without them acting sore about it. Then we will take that plan to the Bankers’ Association and ask them to change the system.”

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He rocks in his chair, and I can see that he is a very wise old coot, and trying to teach Bill Pringle a lesson according to Pringle's brains so that he will not

bust loose a second time and maybe hurt somebody. And Bill makes a sour face and acts as if Ruthie has no business to be listening so long as her movies as well as carpets have gone wet.

"All I know is," he says finally, "I need more than a thousand smackers to pay three years' dam' bills."

"And I need more than twenty thousand dollars," Richards says, "to pay six years' dam' losses. But how we going to fix it?"

Bill does not know, of course. He is like a lot of dopes these days. They want to shoot somebody on account they are short of cash on principle. I think what riles Bill most, however, seeing his knee is not paining him much, is that this old duffer should be a skinflint, and make Bill feel he is poisonous snake-bite. But old Richards stacks up like Bill himself blown up one thousand per cent, only he has more brains, and both of them in the same boat which has a bad hole in the bottom of it and what they must do is, both bail like hell. I am only in the garage business but that is how it looks to me.

"I know how to fix one thing," I says. "I have a couple bottles of swell blackberry out in the cellarway. How about a few little snifters just to show there are no hard feelings, and all which is biting any of us is problems?"

Richards looks grateful, and Pringle looks practically ashamed of himself as well as surprised that Richards is a human being only on a bigger scale, and I go get the blackberry. Ruthie brings in glasses, and I fill same, and we all taste the stuff, and this banker smacks his lips.

"It warms up my insides," he says soon. I can see that he means it.

Bill empties his glass in two takes, and the banker in three, and pretty soon I fill all four again. Richards says, "This is excellent stuff. It reminds me of the three drunks who came down to the station to wait for the train. With Mrs. Kettleborn's permission I will tell it."

"Do not mind me," Ruthie says, "go right ahead." She has heard a cop's stories four years, and besides, she tells a few hot ones herself.

But Richards' story is funny, not hot, and I fill the glasses all around again, and

I can see from Bill's face that his notions about shooting bankers are going cock-eyed. Bankers are really swell people when you get to know them. You should pal with bankers and you will not shoot them.

"It is rather warm in here," Richards says presently, tugging at his collar. "Would you mind, Mrs. Kettleborn, if I took off my coat?"

Well, Bill's face continues to take on surprise, and I can see that if this sort of thing is the way the evening is going to end, we are going to have Mr. Pringle with us enjoying a first-class crying jag. Banker Richards not only takes off his coat but he takes off one shoe. He claims a corn hurts him.

"Phineas," Bill says, about the time that he is mopping his eyes with his handkerchief, "let me tell you about the red-head I accidentally married once, and how she led me around by the upper arm till I could not call my soul my own."

There is no way out of it. The dope is corned again. So he tells us about his marriage with gestures, and Phineas moves over during the story and puts his arm around Bill's shoulders on account it is the first time he has heard Bill tell it. He does this in one shoe, and it is a good thing the jumping fish are all cleaned up or he would have been very much surprised in one foot.

"How much would you really need, William," he says, "as a li'l loan to get you shtarted all over in the eyesh bishness?"

"Ruthie," I says, feeling responsible for real mistakes now beginning to happen, "could you not favor us with something on the piano?"

Believe it or not, it looks like the old duffer is enjoying himself for the first time since the Crash. So Ruthie starts



playing. We are not crooked, you understand. At least I do not feel myself that it has gone that far. We are simply sociable and making the best of the Depression. I am a good tenor, and Bill has sung songs while delivering ice before he went on relief, and Phineas is a natural bass when he has had any chance to forget he is a banker.

We sing, *Carry Me Back to Old Virginia*, and *Soft O'er the Mountain*, and *Old Black Joe*. Then Phineas wants *Swanee River*, and we sing that. Then it is Bill's turn to want something, and he wants *Darling Nellie Gray*, and when we get to the part where somebody has carried her away and Bill will never see his darling any more, the goon just gives up and sobs his heart out, like it would break. He wants to kiss Phineas Richards like he was this Gray person, and to rescue the banker by saying what about all of us seeing what we can do with *Sweet Adeline*? We wrap our arms around each other's shoulders like in a true democracy and pay no attention whatever to windows going up all over our neighborhood, or people gathering in knots and looking towards our house from their front gates.

We have finished *Sweet Adeline*, and Bill wants to go back and sing about *Darling Nellie Gray* some more, on account he has not had his cry out, when in the silence comes just one single word—
"PHINEAS!"

IT IS spoken like a custard pie thrown twenty feet and smacked dripping and spoiled against a wall. We turn around, of course, and our arms come off each other's shoulders, and we see where that name has come from.

Standing straight between our front-room portieres is the sending station for all the female static in this universe, with some lacey thing draped around a pair of shoulders that belong to a Percheron mare on a beer truck. You have seen the type, two upside down triangles on top of each other, and a head on the upper one about the size of a cocoanut. God knows how it got in, but there is this eighty-dollar Percheron, like I said, glaring at Phineas like Eve glared at Adam for finding themselves Outside the Walls and no key to get back. And the change

that comes over our banker, not to mention our bass, is something to write home about.

I tell you he shrinks, right there where he is. He grows old while you watch him. His head goes down. His shoulders bow over. By a sort of reaction he is looking for his shoe.

"And now," Mahitabel Richards says, "seeing you are not shot but apparently only half so, I will take you home!"

She takes him, all right. She does not speak to Ruthie or Bill or me, and I am glad to say that she does not go in for rough stuff. She just puts one hand under the old chap's elbow, while she picks up his coats and shoe with the other. Then Richards is marching where a taxi is waiting.

All this is a terrible shock to Bill Pringle, on account it robs him of a loan like it robs us of a bass. Then I see that Richards' hat has been put on the head of Daniel Webster during the singing, Daniel having been lifted back onto the top of the piano. I know that our banker will be needing his hat, so I pay no attention to Bill sobbing on the sofa and trying to tell somebody very brokenly that Nellie Gray was *not* a red-head. I get out to the taxi.

It is no use, however. Its little red tail-light is almost to the corner. I am standing looking after it when behind me in our house comes an explosion.

Then Ruthie screams. "Joe, Joe!" she screams. "Come in here this minute!"

"What is the matter?" I says, rushing back into the house.

"Bill!" my sister says, pointing to the sofa.

"Lord," I says, "do not tell me he has killed himself."

"No," she says. "But he did have to shoot himself in the other knee, so he would not go over to Cary City when he is sober and make a second such mistake on old man Smithers!"

"Thank God," I says. "On account he has now run out of knees, we can let the Depression reach its end naturally."

All of it goes to prove something or other. But I leave this thought with you—

Never shoot a banker, no matter whether his wife is red-headed or not. *You might spoil a good bass!*

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"Over Here"

NOBLESVILLE,

INDIANA

Aunt Julia

The Story of a Thoroughbred

(Continued from Page 8)

not physical cowardice which kept him from the decision to register on the fifth of June—he compromised by telling himself that he would wait and see how badly his grandmother was stricken. He tiptoed softly into her room.

DAYS followed in which the weather-beaten green blinds were closed on the windows of the brick house on Walnut Street. Through the month of May Aunt Julia had pneumonia, and had it

badly. Along about the fifteenth, Doctor Johnson told Pinkie Price, our reporter, that the end of her long life was in sight at last. It could only be a matter of days. For hours at a stretch the old lady lay corpselike in the side bedroom. Neighbors moved on tiptoe through the house.

Still Aunt Julia clung to life. Each evening she seemed weaker, her heart scarcely beating. Each morning she was still with us. It was the wonder of our office, our town, of all who knew or heard of the case, when along about the twentieth of May, Doctor Johnson came from her room shaking his head and declaring perplexedly, "That woman is getting better. I never heard anything like it. Yes, sir, be *darned* if she ain't!"

On the first day of June, Aunt Julia Farrington's ninety-third birthday, the old lady sat up in bed for three hours. She was denied her spectacles and reading matter. But a few close neighbors and friends were allowed in to see her.

Later in the day, John came into her room, seemingly preoccupied with a weighty matter.

"Nannie," he said turning to gaze out of the window, "I'm up against a tough problem. Now that you're on the mend I suppose I can tell you about it."

"Yes, laddie," she said.

"Nannie, for the last three months things haven't been going right down at New York, and I've had to let them run themselves because I couldn't leave you while you were in such a precarious condition. I may even have to go to South America about our export trade. Now that you're better I suppose you'll consent to let me go."

"Certainly, laddie. You really needn't have stayed on my account."

"I—I may be gone quite a long time, Nannie."

"My time hasn't yet come, laddie. I'll be waiting for you when you get back. When must you leave?"

"I—I should have left weeks ago, Nannie. The—the sooner I get away, the better."

"I'll have Mary Purse help you pack your things right off. I shall certainly apologize to Mr. Thorne when I see him for holding up his business just for the illness of one old woman like me."

"No, no, Nannie!" exclaimed the boy quickly. "You mustn't say a word to Mr. Thorne."

Something in his tone caught her quick intuition. She peered through her spectacles at him sharply. But he was pacing the room at the foot of the bed apparently troubled by his business, and she said no more.

Winter stayed late in Vermont this year. The spring was cold and raw and rainy. Crops were halted, seed rotted in the soil. The fourth of June in Paris was a dank, lowering, rainy day, one of those freak cold days that sometimes come to Vermont right in the heart of lilac time.

We of the *Telegraph* made quite a story of Johnny Fleming's forthcoming trip to South America. We wrote up Jim Thorne and the knitting mills in addition, and commented editorially on the fact that it was an evidence of the size and prosperity of the local plant that it could afford to send a representative to so distant a place to open a way for its goods. Pinkie Price persuaded old Mary Purse to loan him one of the photographs of Johnny Fleming in the front parlor and we had a half-tone of Johnny made and ran it alongside the stock picture of Jim Thorne. We called the issue our "Knitting Mills Edition" and printed a larger edition in anticipation of the demand from its employees.

THE train which connects with the sleeper for New York goes down the valley at eight-fifty-three. The railroad station of Paris is located far at the north-eastern corner of the town, at the end of Depot Street. There are few people who take the eight-fifty-three, only a few traveling men, for the train is partially made up of freight and milk cars. It makes up in Paris and usually stands for half an hour on the south siding before starting time.

Johnny Fleming was to take this train. He stayed late at the office, and at half-past seven drove home in Uncle Joe Fodder's depot carriage, and had the driver pile his luggage on the footboard.

The boy was in tears when he came in to bid Aunt Julia good-by. Well he might be! Deep in his heart he never expected to see her again.

He came out of the house hurriedly fifteen minutes later, climbed into the odorous depths of the hack, and the vehicle rumbled away, with Johnny forgetting he had not closed the door until he was several hundred feet down Walnut Street.

From her position in bed old Aunt Julia sat looking straight ahead of her for a long time, seeing nothing.

"Mary," she said somewhat huskily after a time, "had you just as soon bring me my—my daguerreotypes from the whatnot in the parlor? And, Mary, bring me—bring me Johnny's picture from the mantel."

Mrs. Purse was stricken terribly.

"I—I can't, Mis' Farrington," she replied. "I let the newspaper folks have it yesterday because they wanted Johnny's picture for the paper."

"Wanted Johnny's picture for the paper!" exclaimed Aunt Julia. "What for?"

"They made a great write-up of John and Mr. Thorne and the knitting mills and everything, Mis' Farrington. We all thought you was too plumb exhausted to-night—with Johnny leavin', and everything—to see it. But I'll get it if you say so."

Aunt Julia did say so, and Mary Purse brought her our evening issue. Aunt Julia put on her reading glasses and Mary turned up the light.

OUTSIDE the rain tapped and sifted against the glass, a cold, raw, killing rain, abetted by a vagrant out-of-season wind.

Aunt Julia read about the honor which had come to her grandson in business; every word of it she read and understood. For several moments she leaned back, eyes closed, lost in thought. Then she aroused herself and turned to the inside pages.

We had shelved the war news for the local write-up. Our regular front page heads had all been relegated to the third page of the *Telegraph* that evening.

And, turning to the third page of the *Telegraph*, for the first time Aunt Julia Farrington read the last words and directions of General Crowder's for the great national registration which was to take place next day.

She called Mary Purse.



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"What's been goin' on with the war in Europe since I been sick, Mary?" she demanded.

Aunt Mary Purse tried to tell her.

"And what's this drafting business, Mary Purse?"

"Why, the President's issued orders that every young man in the country between twenty-one and thirty-one's got to register for the draft to-morrer," declared Mary.

"Why—why—that—takes in Johnny," gasped the old lady.

"Johnny Flemin'? No, it don't, Mis' Farrington. It only takes in them up to thirty-one. Johnny's thirty-two. He just escaped it."

"I guess I know how old my own young 'uns are!" cried Aunt Julia.

"He—he says he was thirty-two. Leastwise that's what Mr. Hod says in that article tonight about him."

"John Farrington Fleming was born o' my flesh and blood April 25th, 1889!" declared Aunt Julia. "John Farrington Fleming was twenty-eight years old his last birthday. I saw it said thirty-two in this paper, but I thought it was a mistake."

Mary Purse put her gnarled old knuckles to her mouth.

"Lord sakes, Mis' Farrington," she said weakly; "if that's the truth, John ought not to go to South America without registering. It's been sayin' in the papers all the week that them as don't do it got to go to—to jail!"

"Mary Purse," ordered Aunt Julia, "you go to the corner drug store and call up Jim Thorne. You ask him how about this business; ask him if my grandson made arrangements to let the Government know all about his business trip, and if it's known he's only twenty-eight years old. You hustle now, Mary Purse."

FRIGHTENED half out of her senses, Mrs. Purse obeyed. In a few minutes she was back.

"No, Mis' Farrington," she reported miserably. "Mr. Thorne said he didn't know anything about such doin's, and he got mad and swore. He said—he said—"

"Go on, Mary Purse; just what did he say?"

"He said—he said—that ten to one

Johnny was so insistent on the South American trip because it would take him out o' the country while the draft was in progress. He said Johnny stood good chances o' getting away with it, because no one suspected he was anything but thirty-two."

"Mary Purse," said Aunt Julia after a terrible moment, "Johnny was going on the eight-fifty-three, warn't he?"

"He was goin' down on the milk train to meet the sleeper, yes," Mary replied.

"What time is it now, Mary Purse?"

"It's ten minutes to eight, Mis' Farrington."

"Mary Purse, you go get me my clothes."

"You're sick, Mis' Farrington. You'll catch your death o' cold again out in this rain."

"Maybe so, Mary Purse. But I'd rather die savin' my boy and the Farringtons from dishonor than live to be a hundred and fourteen. You get me my clothes, and get 'em quick. Then you go to the drug store again and call up Joe Fodder. Tell him to send me a hack, quick."

"You can't dress yourself; the doctor said you mustn't get out o' bed for ten days yet, even to sit in a chair—"

"You heard me, Mary Purse. And this is my house." Suiting the action to the word, and to Mrs. Purse's stark horror, the old lady, who had been a month bed-ridden, climbed down from the high four-poster bed. For a moment she swayed dizzily. At the apparition Mrs. Purse uttered a faint scream, but not daring to disobey after such a display of determination, she backed out of the room and fled upstairs for Aunt Julia's things.



With at times piteous cries of weakness and illness, the old lady, alone, somehow managed to dress herself.

"Mis' Farrington, Mis' Farrington, I can't get Joe Fodder!" cried Mary Purse, coming back. "I forgot the stable closes at seven o'clock." She gazed on Aunt

Julia, dressed, in staggered fascination.

"What time is it now?" demanded Aunt Julia.

"Five minutes after eight, Mis' Farrington."

"You got time enough to go down-street and hunt up Joe Fodder," declared the grandmother. "You do it, Mary Purse. All these years I've lived and never known a Farrington do what John, my grandson, is doin'. It ain't the Farrington in him. It's the Fleming part, that's what it is. And he ain't goin' to do it, Mary Purse, not if I have to walk clean across Paris to the depot."

"Yes, yes, Mis' Farrington," agreed her frantic companion. "You lay down a bit. I'll get Joe Fodder or his men or somebody."

TEN minutes passed . . . fifteen . . . twenty. The hands of the tall old grandfather's clock at the foot of the front hall stairs lowered around to twenty-five minutes past eight. And the train that would bear John Fleming away to dishonor left at eight-fifty-three, seven minutes to nine. Still Mary Purse did not return.

At eight-thirty, with a Paisley shawl about her narrow shoulders and emaciated breast with a faded, fat old umbrella to keep off the driving rain, Aunt Julia Farrington left the house. It was a mile and a half across Paris to the station, but it was plain that Mary Purse and the hack might arrive too late.

She almost fell prostrate from weakness as she eased herself one step at a time down to the level of the brick sidewalk. She had to support her first few steps by gripping the iron railing before her yard as best she could. Then, summoning all her strength, nerved by the desperate need, she gathered the shawl about her and left the support of the fence. She crossed the walk, went down the Pine Street curbing, across the macadam wet and slippery under the swinging arc lamp, disappearing into the shadow on the other side.

There were times when her brain reeled; there were times when she stumbled and almost went down on her spent, bony old knees; there were times when hot and cold waves of nausea enveloped her, when

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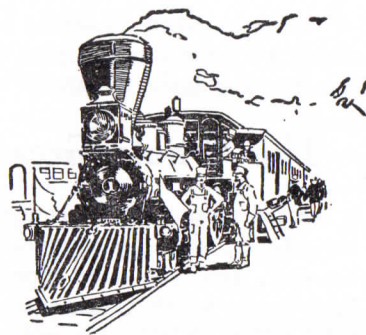
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every step, every movement of her sick muscles, was agony and the very blood in her veins was liquid fire.

"O Lord, give me life and strength for just this one more trip across Paris," she prayed. And the good God gave it to her.

She did not go through the business section. She was afraid of meeting some- one who would recognize her and demand explanations. That would mean delay. Still worse, it would mean exposure of Johnny Fleming. She kept on down Wal- nut Street on the north side, supporting herself by fences and trees and telephone posts. She wanted to cry out at the num- ber of cross streets there were and the agony it was to get down the curbsings, across them, and up again. Against time she walked, remembering bitterly at times how quickly she had traversed that space in other years.

FINALLY, far at the end of Walnut Street, she reached Union Street. That turned toward Main. She crossed Main Street at thirteen minutes to nine. An automobile splashing mud to right and left, and its headlights prying through raindrops like diamonds in the beams, blared its horn as it missed her by a few feet. A man with an umbrella shutting off his vision bumped into her, and almost ended her journey. When the depot came into sight she could hear the puffing of the steam in the locomotive as it waited for the hands of the clock to permit it to be on its way.



Bill Twing, our local expressman, recog- nized her first. He almost dropped a trunk on his foot, for he thought he was looking at a ghost.

"Quick, William!" Aunt Julia cried, dropping her umbrella in her exhaustion and supporting herself against the granite wall of the station. "Go through the cars,

William. See if my grandson is aboard. Tell him to get off, with his luggage, right quick."

With his own face as white as chalk, John Fleming came down the steps with his valises just as the "All aboard!" was sung out by the conductor.

"Grandmother!" he cried. "You! What's happened, Grandmother?"

"I want you should take me home, lad- die," she said simply.

He obeyed silently—knowing the worst intuitively and what she had done, and why she had done it. Mary Purse, in the mute hysterics of the elderly, opened the door to admit them.

John assisted his grandmother from the cab into the hall. Then she moved away from the hands outstretched to assist her. She tottered into the front parlor. John followed fearfully after her.

Aunt Julia moved across to one of the curve-backed horsehair-upholstered chairs near the east window by the whatnot.

"It wasn't that I was a coward!" cried the boy. "I wasn't afraid to die, Grand- mother. It was because—it was because of you, and our family, and the big job I held, and that I thought my life was worth more to my country than my death. It was because—"

"Laddie," she said weakly, her voice hoarse with the superhuman exertion of the thing she had done, "feel in that corner, side of the melodeon. Bring me what's there, laddie."

From the corner of the room John Fleming lifted an object. It was an old- fashioned, rusty cavalry sword in a heavy scabbard.

"Give it to me, laddie."

He laid the heavy, gruesome thing across her gaunt lap.

"Do you know whose sword this was, laddie?" she asked.

"It was my grandfather's," he replied thickly.

"Yes, laddie, it was your grandfather's. Fifty-six years ago this spring in the presence of two of my—my boys, I buckled this sword about the waist of your grandfather. We had lived through just such times and scenes as you have lived through the past six months. We had eaten our last breakfast at home. In the blue uniforms of the Union my men-

folks stood while I buckled this very same sword about your grandfather's waist. I knew that in the evening of that day they would be but a memory. I hoped they might be spared to me; but whether they were spared to me or not, I knew they were manly men—Farringtons—going off to fight for the right, laddie. On that spring morning, a whole lifetime ago, I held each of them against me for the last time, and then I bade them go. I bade them go, and I gave them a smile—because it was all I had to give, the best that I could give. I offered them to Abraham Lincoln the same as all the women-folks and the mothers are offering their boys today to Woodrow Wilson. I was proud to do it, laddie. I—I—would do it—again.”

Johnny Fleming looked down at the spent and exhausted figure with the sword across her lap, her gnarled hands gripping it tightly, at the eyes which had lost their luster, now shining with an unnatural brightness. Could a painter have caught her thus his name would have become immortal. And a fierce pain of shame ripped through him.

“Those boys and that husband never came back to me, laddie. Fifty-six years ago I gave the greatest treasures that lay within my power to give to my country, laddie. And I would be dishonoring their memory, I would be dishonoring this sword, the Farrington sword, I would be dishonoring all that my country has meant to me since because of what it has taken in my life, if as late as this I held out one thing which I possessed and which it needed.”

“I thought you loved me so much that you wouldn't want me to go to Europe and get killed, and you be left alone, and all the Farringtons perish entirely,” replied the lad miserably. “I thought—I thought—you loved me, Grandmother.”

“**L**OVE you?” cried the old lady. “O dear Father!” She choked back the emotion that swayed her voice and made it a crackled and ridiculous thing. “Oh, laddie, you'll never know how I've loved you, as I loved two other boys and a man, a brave man, once long ago. But I am not so selfish in that love that I can't see things that are worse than getting



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shot on a battlefield. It's come to me that folks wonder why I've kept strong and smiling under lots of other folks' troubles since, laddie. And I'll tell you now, because any other time it'd sounded like bragging. It's because I sacrificed so much, once in the dear dead past. And I know the glory of such a sacrifice, the glory of unselfishness, the strength that comes from being brave enough to give what I have given. I love you, laddie, I love you as I loved those men back in '61. But I'd rather lose you nobly, honorably, a strong, brave man, obedient to our country that my other boys died to preserve, than have you spared to me—a coward. I want you to be brave and strong. I want you to face your duty. If the Farrington line's got to end, laddie, I want it to end in a young man who chooses agony and death on a battlefield to running away in order to live in and keep up the family with one little blotch of dishonor on it anywhere. I'll be sorry that our line is wiped out at last. But it'll be a sweet sorrow, laddie, that there's a wreath of glory to lay on the last person's coffin. This is indeed your grandfather's sword, laddie. It's an honorable sword, a Farrington sword. Be true to it laddie. Don't let our line 'run out' in retreat and disgrace."

"Oh, Nannie!" cried the boy. He fell on his knees blindly before her. The sword slipped to the floor. His head went down in her aged lap.

WHEN finally he had gone, old Aunt Julia Farrington arose from her chair just once. She arose to get a little black daguerreotype that had lain, a sacred relic, on the whatnot for many years. On her way across the room she stopped before the homely print of a beautifully homely man, Abraham Lincoln, in its dark oval frame over the melodeon.

She looked up into that face. But she said nothing.

Silence was more eloquent than any words. But what thoughts went through her mind as she stood there? Johnny Fleming had gone. She was—alone, alone with her memories of other years, and the agony in her heart which made it a mellow, beautiful thing. All which had been beyond price to her in life, all that made

it worth living, all that she once had to live for, to work for, to hope for, she had given unselfishly for that sublime altruism which, for want of a better name, we term "patriotism." Verily, she had paid



her price, verily her country meant to her more than any ranting politician or fiery-mouthed jingoist could ever know. There were times in the lives of other women when, old and worn-out and useless, they had seen the sons for whom they had given themselves take their places in the life of the town, the state, the nation—great, good men, strong men, men whose lives rewarded the care and the worry and the work that at last left the mothers homely and broken and played-out. But for her there was nothing—nothing but memories!

Through long years she had known a mother's pain, a mother's hopes and fears and noble aspiration and sacrifices. Through long years—and yet, O God, how pitifully short a time—she had given herself through weary days and bitter-sweet nights, nurturing and guiding and helping those two boys to manhood. Then the nation had wanted them.

Just a few months in a Southern prison had undone all to which she had dedicated her womanhood. Yet she had not complained. With that rare, incomprehensible heroism of the small-town mother who smiles when the final "send-off" parade winds down the street out of sight and she sees one flushed youthful face that will henceforth be to her but a memory, melt in the serried ranks of the multitude, Aunt Julia had stood with her soul naked before her God and smilingly made

the great, the infinite, the unspeakable sacrifice, that beautiful ideals of national right and wrong, that success of great principles, the permanency of high ideals for the race might be realized and endure. She had lived to make that sacrifice—twice. And as on another day back in the lavender-scented past, she made it again, patiently, sweetly, nobly.

There are women and mothers who become frenzied when they must make it once with but a single son. There have been many of them right here in Paris since the war broke out. But there are others, too, whose faces have grown wonderfully sweet and tender of late, since their sons have gone. We of the *Telegraph* office feel somehow that Aunt Julia Farrington's life has helped them mightily in the quality and quantity of that sweetness and that tenderness.

After she had gazed silently into the face of Lincoln for a time Aunt Julia moved over to the whatnot and got what she sought for.

MARY PURSE came in softly a while afterward to help Aunt Julia back into her bed. She found her sitting in the same round-backed horsehair chair. The sword lay on the floor at her feet. In her quiet hands was the little black box of a daguerreotype. Inside on the glass showed faintly the figures of three men, standing stiffly. They were dressed in the quaint, awkward uniforms of the days of '61, their flat-headed caps held grotesquely in their right hands against their breasts. The older man in the middle had his left hand resting on the hilt of a sword. Those at his right and left were beardless boys. The chemicals which kept them on the glass were fading, fading with the years, like their memories in the hearts of a thoughtless generation; only to one woman and to God were they clear and distinct and held in veneration.

"Mis' Farrington," whimpered old Mrs. Purse, "don't you really think you oughter be goin' to bed now? You must be plumb fagged out after what you've done this night."

But to Mary Purse's solicitation came no response.

That is the way that Aunt Julia went—home!

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Americans to Remember . .

JANUARY'S contribution to the birth of Great Americans was Ben Franklin, entering mortality in Boston on the 6th of the first month, 1706, putting him on a Three Life-path. The Three Path is the earth-scheme of public relationships. It likewise denotes the physical actionist. Franklin followed both to an age of 84.

Most of us recall Franklin as the poor New England printer's apprentice who ran away to Philadelphia at the age of 17 to enter a publishing business on his own and found the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, and *Poor Richard's Almanac*. But truly it was for wider public services that Americans recall Ben Franklin with pride.

Poor at twenty, rich at forty, world famous at fifty, he had founded the Philosophical Society that grew into the University of Pennsylvania, the first public library, the first city fire department in America, and was first postmaster-general of the early Colonies. In 1748, when 42 years old, he sold his successful printing business to engage in philosophical and scientific activities. But Franklin did many other things of which today's Americans are not so well versed. He was the first man in America to conceive of the planting of shade-trees to beautify a city's streets. He invented the first iron stove permitting fire to heat a room apart from a fireplace. He was the first man to draw lightning from the clouds, proving it was a form of electricity. He likewise generated static electricity in glass tubes. He was the first city official to suggest the official sweeping of a city's streets.

It was due to Franklin's inventive genius that the whale-oil-lamp—later to become the kerosene lamp—replaced candles for house illumination, successfully employing glass chimneys to keep the flame from blowing out, yet assuring steady burning of the wick by allowing a vent of air from the bottom of the wick-burner.

Franklin had the inborn knack of perceiving the obvious in the way of human discomforts. He made it his business to contribute his ideas—or such ideas as came to him—and fill the social vacuum as the moment found convenient. There's a lesson in it for all of us. People say readily, "There ought to be a law" but not so readily, "There ought to be this or that improvement and I will try to actualize it."

OF COURSE it was his manifold activities in the cause of Independence that his name has become most revered in history. How many Americans know today that it was Franklin, long before the passage of the Stamp Act, who had drawn up a complete plan for the federalizing of the Colonies some four years before the continental delegates held their first meeting in Carpenter's Hall?

Long before the breach with the British Crown, Franklin had rendered outstanding service as supply master to the ill-fated Braddock, procuring horses and wagons for that expedition by giving Pennsylvania farmers his own personal notes for what they furnished the King's soldiers. Only a fraction of these obligations was ever repaid him; he met them one by one in his life's later years and they threatened to bankrupt him.

Twice before the fateful fight at Lexington precipitating the Revolution, he had made the sailing trip to London to try to secure wider freedom for the Colonies without armed rebellion. His success on each trip was merely nominal. He had actually reached the age of 70 before he sat with Jefferson and others to draft the Declaration of Independence. Two years later he was dispatched to France as foreign agent of the new Colonial government to win money and support from the French court. He was to remain in Paris as Commissioner for the new United States until 1785, to return second in popularity only to George Washington. Not only was he a self-made man in every sense but one of the most notable characters of his time.

Franklin's success, if we look for the key to it, was his dignified willingness to stand forth in the forefront of the public interest. *He saw what was needed to improve public life and quietly set activities afoot supplying remedies.* Always he was willing to let other men get the credit. He seemed adequately satisfied if the improvement itself was effected.

He wasn't, in other words, fearful he wouldn't get all that was coming to him. But the great Law of Compensation brought it, pressed to overflowing.

Never was need of his type greater than the hundred years ahead will demonstrate. The principles are the same today as they were in Franklin's time only the figures are larger.

We are all of us in this life to make our Contributions, to "put in" not so much to "take out." When we put in, we discover we *do* take out.

That law is indefatigable. *Prove it!*



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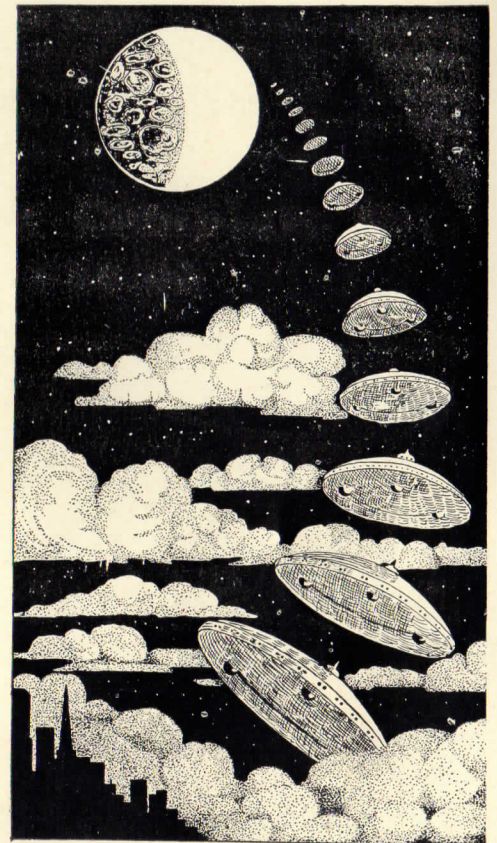
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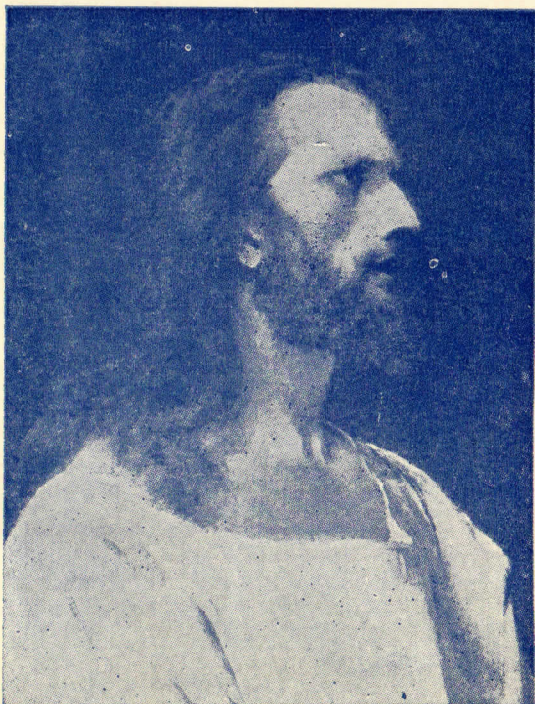
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